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THE FISHER'S WIDOW.

BY ARTHUR SYMONS.

The boats go out and the boats come in,
Under the wintry sky:
And the rain and foam are white in the wind,
And the white gulls cry.

She sees the sea when the wind is wild,
Swept by the windy rain;
And her heart's aweary of sea and land
As the long days wane.

She sees the torn sails fly in the foam,
Broad on the sky-line gray;
And the boats go out and the boats come in,
But there's one away.

HEART AND RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HERRINS AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

I CAME because I thought you wanted me, and you do," said Spenser Churchill softly.

Lady Grace looked at him with an expression of dislike and fear: actual fear. It displayed itself in every line of the fair, perfectly-formed face, in the expansion of her clear eyes, in the tight—almost painful—compression of her slim white hands.

"Why do you think so?" she demanded, in a low voice.

He smiled, until it seemed as if he meant it for his only reply, then he said, in a dulcet voice,—

"A little bird whispered——"

She made a movement of impatience.

"Is there anything you do not know? Is there anything one does or says that does not reach you?"

He shrugged his shoulders, not cynically, but still with the amused gesture with which one meets the petulance of a spoiled child.

"I believe there is no secret in any of the lives of the men and women who call you friend—friend!—that you have not become possessed of. How is a mystery!"

"It is a question of sympathy, my dear Lady Grace," he said. "Nature bestowed upon me a large and sympathetic heart——"

Again she made a movement of impatience.

"Spare yourself the trouble of trying to delude me!" she said in a kind of quiet despair. "There are many who fully believe you to be what your face, and voice, and manner, and reputation make you appear, but I am not one of them: I think I have known you from the first."

"You have such keen penetration," he murmured, as if she had paid him a delicate compliment.

"I see you without your mask,—that mask which presents the appearance of a smiling, benevolent goodwill! You cannot impose upon me, Spenser Churchill!"

"Do me the credit of admitting, dear lady, that I never tried," he said softly.

"No," she said; "it would have been useless. Others you may deceive: me you cannot. Therefore I ask you plainly, why you came here? Of course, I know that you were aware I was here!"

"Oh, yes, I was aware of it," he admitted; "but think, dear Lady Grace, such knowledge does not prove much astuteness on my part. Lady Grace Peyton's movements are one of the social events which are duly reported——"

"None of the papers said that I was at Barton Towers," she said sharply; "you got your information from some other source!"

"What does it matter?" he remarked soothingly.

"No," she said; "it does not matter, excepting that it proves what I say, that there is nothing you do not know. And now once more, why have you come?—I put a plain question, I expect a plain answer."

"If we always got what we expected!" he murmured mockingly.

She colored and bit her lip.

"You do not mean to answer? It was from no love for or goodwill to me. I know you do not—like me, Spenser Churchill!"

He looked quite shocked, and whispered,—

"My dear Lady Grace, you hurt me; you do, indeed! There is no one in the charming circle to which you belong whom I more ardently admire and respect! Oh, really you wound me! Not like you!"—he held out his soft, plump hands reproachfully,—"Lady Grace Peyton possesses the whole of my esteem; and if I could do her a service——"

"You would not do it!" she broke in abruptly, with a bitter, scornful laugh.

He sighed and looked up at the sky with an injured air of patience and long suffering.

"How little you know me! How cruelly you wrong me! Alas! it is always thus! One's best effort on behalf of others is always met with scorn and incredulity——"

"There is the marquis," she said as if she had been thinking deeply and had not heard his pathetic appeal. "What do you know about him? How have you got him in your power?"

"Got the marquis in my power! My dear Lady Grace——"

"Pshaw!" she said. "Do you think I am blind that I cannot see how different he treats you to others? Is there any other man who would come to Barton Towers, and be received as you have? Is there any other man who would dare to brave him—yes, and taunt him—as you have done today? You know something about him—you have some hold upon him. I don't ask what it is—oh, no," she added quietly as he smiled, "for I know that you would not tell me or would palm off some smooth falsehood——"

"Oh, Lady Grace, Lady Grace!" he answered plaintively, but there was a flicker of self-jubilation and satisfaction on his smiling face.

"It is so, or why should he, who is civil to no one else, be civil to you? You know why I am here?" she said abruptly as if to throw him off his guard. But the ruse failed utterly: he turned his smiling face to her suavely.

"I can guess," he said softly.

Her face flushed, then grew hard and defiant.

"Of course you can? Guess? You know! I am here because I was commanded by the marquis; I am here because his mightiness pleases to wish that I should——"

He glanced over his shoulder warningly.

"Is it safe to speak so loudly, my lady?"

She made a gesture of impatient self-scorn.

"What does it matter? Why should I care who knows it? I am here that I may learn to regard myself as the future wife of the future marquis! And you know it."

He looked at her quietly, with a frank, benevolent regard—just the look one bestows on an irritable child.

"And is that so distasteful?" he asked. Her face crimsoned, and her eyes drooped, and his smile grew broader. "Not distasteful, I should say," he murmured; "quite the reverse. Lady Grace, let me return you a compliment.

"You praised me for my power of acting: yours is a great deal higher! You wanted me to believe that the marquis's love was repugnant, whereas——" he chuckled, smoothly.

Her face had grown crimson again, and she turned it from him for a moment, then faced him again.

"Well?" she said, "and if I do wish it, what then? Is it so unnatural? Are there many better matches, many better men than Cecil Neville?"

"Few, if any!" he assented, blandly. "He is young, handsome, popular, brave, and—a future marquis!" She picked at the moss in the crevice of the stone coping. "A very good match, indeed, and Lady Grace is worthy of such a partner, truly!"

"And you mean to do your best or your worst for the match?" she said, swiftly.

He took out a cigarette.

"May I?" he asked, then lit it, and leaning on the railing, surveyed the beautiful scene as if he were quite absorbed in peaceful contemplation, and had quite forgotten his companion and the subject of their conversation. Then he turned his head, and smiled at her. "No," he said, slowly and softly, "I mean to do all I can to further the idea."

She started slightly, and her lips parted in a faint sigh.

"You do! You—you mean to help me! and why?"

He was silent again, smoking with placid, serene enjoyment for a moment or two, then he replied,—

"If I were to answer that I am prompted solely by a desire for your happiness——"

She made a movement of impatience.

—"You see!" he said reproachfully. "You would not believe me: so, what is the use? Suppose that we do not go into my motives. Let us, if it please you, decide that they are utterly selfish and bad, abandoned and wicked ones—will that do? Very well! After all, what do my motives matter? If I can help you, and I think I can, do not seek to go beyond the mere solid fact of my assistance. Leave the reasons alone. They can't matter much, can they?" and he looked into her eyes with the bland and innocent gaze of a child.

She moved restlessly.

"If I could trust you!" she said uneasily.

"I thought I had already proved myself worthy of confidence," he said simply; but there must have been some hidden significance in his words, for they brought the blood to Lady Grace's face, and then left it pale and white to the lips.

"I—I——" she faltered.

"Oh, do not say anything of the past," he murmured soothingly. "Let us think of the present. We will speak plainly. It is the dear marquis's wish that you should marry Lord Cecil Neville; you being gratified by his choice and willing to fall in with his views, and an old and tried friend offering his services you do not hesitate to avail yourself of them: I am the old and tried friend."

The last words were more softly and coolingly spoken than any that had preceded them, but Lady Grace started up at him suspiciously; he, however, met her scrutiny with his bland and innocent smile.

"If I really thought you would help me," she said doubtfully.

"You may think so, for I will," he answered. "As I said, never mind my motives, they concern only myself. And how goes the business? Has our dear friend Cecil—eh?"

She frowned slightly as if the question touched her self-love and vanity.

"Our dear friend does not at present seem much smitten by your humble servant's charms," she said, with a short laugh, which only barely hid her vexation.

He smiled and nodded.

"Our young friend is rather spoiled, you see. One cannot be the favored of the gods in the matter of youth, and strength, and features, without paying the usual penalty. Cecil is the most popular man in London! Believe me there are twenty young ladies—I could give you their names—" and his lips curled, "who are, if not dying, living in love of him."

"I know," she said, with hardly restrained impatience. "Of course, there has been a dead set at him. That is very natural, is it not? But—but I don't think——"

"That the sultan has shown any partiality, that he has not yet thrown the handkerchief," he finished for her. "No," thoughtfully; "I don't think he has. His lordship has, indeed, been so very impartial, not to say invulnerable, that I have sometimes wondered whether there was not some young lady hidden away, eh?" and he looked at her questioningly.

She started, and colored.

"Then there is?" he said at once.

"I—I don't know," she replied musingly. "There may be. Last night I dined away from the Towers, at the Thurlton's, you know?"

"I know," he murmured pleasantly. "Thurlton's grandfather was transported for forgery; his wife's sister ran away with young Lengard. I remember."

"Of course you know all about them, every shameful secret in the family for generations back!" she said, with a sigh.

He laughed.

"I have such a dreadfully good memory, dear lady. Well, you dined there——?"

"Yes; and coming home I passed down the High Street, and saw Lord Cecil. He was standing at the door of a fly, opposite the theatre, talking to a lady, a girl."

He nodded, and puffed at his cigarette placidly, with half-closed eyes, looking, indeed, almost asleep: but his next question proved that he was very much awake.

"Was she pretty, Lady Grace?"

"I only saw her for a moment. Yes," she admitted reluctantly.

"You did not know her?"

She shook her head.

"No. She was not one of the daughters of any of the county people; besides, it was a fly. It was opposite the side entrance——"

"She was an actress," he interrupted quietly.

"How do you know?"

"My dear lady! It is so simple! The fly was the only one there, or you would not have seen her so plainly: it was at the side entrance; she was unknown to you. Oh, plainly it was an actress. And it was she who was with Lord Cecil this morning."

"Then you have seen her?" she exclaimed eagerly.

He shook his head.

"No," he said, "only heard her. I met our dear Cecil in the woods. As I approached, I heard two voices, though he, of course, denied it. One was a woman's, and, though I am not in the habit of laying wagers with ladies—for they never pay when they lose—I would bet something considerable that the voice belonged to the young lady whom you saw talking to Lord Cecil outside the theatre last night!"

She bit her lip, and the look came into her eyes which indicates the first approach of the green-eyed monster—jealousy.

"Some worthless actress, painted and powdered. Some woman old enough to be his mother, though made up as a girl——"

He shook his head and laughed with serene enjoyment.

"No, not such an experienced bird as Lord Cecil is not to be caught with such chaff, my dear lady! Depend upon it, this

girl is young and pretty."

She twisted her handkerchief in her hands, then smiled contemptuously.

"It must be the Juliet of last night!" she said.

"Perhaps."

"Well—" she drew a long breath—"I think I am a match for a common actress, though she be young and pretty!" and she raised her head and turned to him defiantly.

He looked at her with the calm eyes of a connoisseur.

"Yes, I should think so," he said blandly. "Certainly, I should think so. A match for half-a-dozen of them. Forgive me if I say that I don't think there is a more beautiful woman in England than Lady Grace Peyton, or a more charming one!"

She took no notice of the compliment; to her ears there rang a tone of mockery behind the smooth phrases.

"What—what is to be done? What do you advise?" she asked after a moment's pause, and with an affected indifference which made him smile.

He puffed a thin line of smoke from his sleek lips and watched it with half-closed eyes.

"Nothing," he said.

"Nothing?" she repeated.

"No," he said. "Nothing so far as you are concerned. Just go on being beautiful and charming—as you cannot help being—and leave it to me to do the rest. If this is not a serious business, if his lordship is really only scratched, why—!" he laughed lazily.

"If on the contrary he is badly hit, and means business, means to make her the future Marchioness of Stoyle, why we must deal with the young lady herself."

"Deal with her?" she asked, with an eager interest she did not attempt to conceal.

He nodded at the scenery.

"Yes. There are two ways of going to work, each suited to the subject we are speaking on. Money and moral suasion. It may be money in this case, if so——"

"I am rich," she said, in a quiet undertone. "If the creature requires to be bought; it——"

"You will do it! Exactly. But the moral suasion?"

"I will leave to you, who have so much of it," she said, with a half sneer.

He laughed softly.

"So they all say, dear lady, but, alas, I am so tender-hearted that I can never bring myself to use it! I am all heart, all heart!" and he laid his hand on the spot in which the organ is situated, and beamed at her.

Then, without moving a muscle, he went on,—"And so, dear Lady Grace, we had the poor children to an evening party, and gave them tea and buns, and I am sure you would have been melted to tears at the sight of their overbrimming happiness."

Lady Grace looked round in astonishment, and saw that Lord Cecil had stepped from one of the windows. Spenser Churchill's quick ears had heard him, and hence the swift change in the topic of conversation.

"Mr. Churchill begging again, Lady Grace?" said Lord Cecil. "Beware of him; he never comes near you without an attempt on your purse. What's it for now, Spenser; the 'Indigent Washerwoman,' or the 'Chimney Sweeps' Orphans'? He's chairman or secretary of half-a-dozen charities,—aren't you,) Spenser?—and he won't let you rest until you've put yourself down for lady patroness for half of 'em!" and he laughed the short, frank laugh which was so refreshing a contrast to Spenser Churchill's oily one, that Lady Grace felt as if it washed the other away.

"It's the 'Indigent Basketmakers' Children,' my dear Cecil," said Spenser Churchill smoothly. "Dear Lady Grace has consented to become one of our lady patronesses, have you not, Lady Grace?"

"Oh, yes," she said indifferently; "and now having hooked me, I'll leave you to go for Lord Cecil," and with a nod and a smile to the latter, she turned and entered the house.

Spenser Churchill looked after her with a rapt gaze of benevolent admiration.

"What a beautiful young creature!" he murmured softly; "and as good as she is beautiful!"

"Eh?" said Cecil, seating himself on the balcony, lighting an immense cigar, and offering his case to Spenser Churchill, who shrank back and put up his hands with a gesture of alarm.

"I never smoke anything so—er—huge and strong. But is she not as good as she is beautiful, now?"

"She is beautiful enough, certainly," said Lord Cecil carelessly; "as to her goodness, why, yes, I suppose she is good enough. All women are good, especially pretty ones."

"I—see," murmured Churchill, with his head on one side; "you'd say that—er—there was a faint sign of, shall we say, temper in dear Lady Grace? Well, perhaps—but—oh, really you must be mistaken, my dear Cecil; so charming a creature!"

"Why, I didn't accuse her of her temper!" said Lord Cecil with some astonishment and an amused laugh; "it was you yourself!"

"No really? Did I? I'm sure I had no such intention. But I see you think—eh?—perhaps a little inclined to jealousy? Well, there may be a touch of that in her composition, now you speak of it."

Lord Cecil stared at him with a half-amused smile.

"Terrible thing, jealousy, Cecil! My poor father—I don't think you knew him?"

Lord Cecil shook his head, as he thought, "And no one else that I ever heard of!"

"My poor dear father," continued Spenser Churchill, with a plaintive air of reflection, "had warned me against that peculiar temperament. 'Never, my dear Spenser,' he would say, 'never marry a jealous-natured woman. You had better throw yourself into the first horse-pond!'"

"And you never have done either?" said Lord Cecil, knocking the ash off his cigar.

"N—o," said Spenser Churchill; "and do you really think that dear Lady Grace has a jealous disposition? Now, really, Cecil I think you must be mistaken——"

"Confound it!" said Lord Cecil, "I never said anything of the kind! Don't put words I never used into my mouth, please, Churchill!"

"Didn't you? Then how did I get the idea, I wonder?" responded the other, looking gravely troubled. "Surely not from Lady Grace herself? Oh! no—no!" and he looked extremely pained. "I should very much regret giving you a wrong impression of my opinion of that charming young creature, my dear Cecil! Most charming! Ah! what a wife she would make! You don't agree with me—no? Well, perhaps—er—yes, I understand you. Beauty, however charming it may be, is not the best possession a woman can boast, unsophisticated girl, unaccustomed to the intoxications of constant admiration, would prove a more valuable companion for one's life. These London belles are—er—like the well-known Oriental fruit, more beautiful to the eye than the touch, and——"

Lord Cecil broke into a laugh.

"What on earth are you driving at?" he demanded.

"I driving at!" exclaimed Spenser Churchill, opening his eyes with an innocent stare. "What do you mean, dear Cecil? What on earth do you mean?"

Lord Cecil clasped his hands round his hands round his knees, and looked at the round, smooth face and extended eyes with faint amusement.

"You'd make an excellent Chinese puzzle, Churchill," he said. "If what you mean is to warn me against marrying Lady Grace——"

"My dear Cecil," broke in the soft voice, pitched in a tone of strained horror.

"You can spare yourself the trouble, for I haven't the least intention of doing so—at present."

Spenser Churchill's thick eyelids quivered almost imperceptibly; but beyond this faint sign, no other trace of any emotion was visible at this frank announcement.

"Really?" he said; "I thought——But, my dear Cecil, don't you consider her a most beautiful and charming woman? and—er—come now, after all, you would find it difficult to discover a more suitable partner, eh?"

Lord Cecil frowned.

"Let us change the subject," he said curtly.

"Well, perhaps you're right, after all," said the other, with bland promptitude. "Yes, no doubt, you are right! That sort of woman is better in a picture, eh? Yes, we'll change the subject! What time do you dine here?"

"Eight," said Lord Cecil. "I don't dine at home to-night—at the Towers," he corrected himself. "I have an engagement."

"Really? I am so sorry! Can't you put it off—for my sake! Write and tell the people that you are too good-natured to dine out when an old friend turns up."

"I'm not going to dine out," said Lord Cecil sosently.

"No; really? Now, where are you going?"

"I think the marquis was inquiring for you," said Lord Neville curtly; "I'll tell him you are here," and dropping from his perch, he sauntered into the house.

Spenser Churchill leant over the balcony and smiled.

"Going to the theatre again!" he murmured. "Yes; I haven't been to a country theatre for some time; I really think I should like to go and see what it is like!"

CHAPTER X.

DORIS went home, her heart throbbing with an emotion which was half pain, half joy.

Lord Cecil Neville had asked her to meet him to morrow. "I promise nothing!" she had said, and when she said it she fully meant that she would not come; and yet, now, as she walked hurriedly to the lodgings, she knew that when the morrow arrived, she would feel drawn to the spot as the steel to the magnet.

But if she had promised nothing, he had promised. He had said that he would be at the theatre that night, and she remembered how her heart had leapt at his words; even how they ran sweetly in her ears.

Heaven only knows with what delight she dwelt upon the thought that he would be present, listening to her as she spoke the passion-laden words of Juliet.

All this was joy, but the pain came on. Alas, that all our joy should be attended so closely by that grim companion.

"Love's feet are softly shod with pain," says the poet.

For the first time in her young life she had a secret from Jeffrey. It had been difficult to tell him yesterday of her acquaintance with Lord Cecil Neville; she felt now that it would be impossible to tell him, for she knew that she could not recount the incidents of their meeting without letting him know how interested she had become in this young nobleman, whose head had rested on her knee, and whose face haunted her night and day.

And she knew that once she had told Jeffrey, he would forbid her even to see or speak to Lord Neville again. And this seemed too dreadful for her to bear.

Yes, it had come to this; that the great actress with her heart and purity of a child, had become so interested, so fascinated—if that is the right word—with this stranger, that the thought of not seeing him again, or hearing his voice, was intolerable.

Her steps grew less hurried as she neared home, and her thoughts had crystalized into this shape.

"After all, where is the harm? He is good and kind, and I have so few friends—no one, excepting dear old Jeffrey!—that I cannot afford to lose him. Besides, I shall act better if I know that he is in the theatre. I don't know why that is, but it is so. And Jeffrey ought to be glad of that. Oh, if I could only tell him! But I cannot!"

Once during the day she did make the effort; she began to talk about the fields and the beautiful on-coming of spring, but Jeffrey would not listen.

He was full of the business of the theatre, full of expected offers from the great London managers, and paid no attention to what she was saying, merely remarking that, after all, the open air was the place to study in.

To study in! Yes, she knew that! It was in the open air that she had first seen Lord Neville, and learnt the way to speak Juliet's "Good-night!"

She did not leave the house again that day, but spent it studying her part. There were one or two points she had missed, so Jeffrey said, and she went over them again and again.

And how do you think she mastered them? By imagining that Lord Neville was the Romeo, and it was for love of him she suffered and died!

"It was wrong?" Yes, but life is full of wrong, and it is not until youth is passed, and experience is gained, that we learn to distinguish the wrong from the right.

The night came, and with it the fly to carry them to the theatre.

There was an immense crowd collected outside the pit and gallery doors, and the manager met them with the glad tidings that all the reserved seats were taken.

"An immense success, my dear Miss Marlowe. You have hit them hard," he said, smiling and nodding.

That he had only spoken truly was patent from the welcome which she received when she made her first appearance. A roar went up and shook the very chandelier, as the slim, graceful, girlish figure entered from the wings.

As is usual, I believe, with actors, for some minutes she could not see beyond the footlights; but presently she began to distinguish faces in the hazy glow, and she saw the handsome, tanned face she had expected—and longed for!

He had come then, as he had promised!

He was in the box he had occupied on the preceding night; leaning forward, his hands clasped on the velvet edge, his eyes following her every movement.

She lost all consciousness of the rest of the audience, and played only to those rapt, attentive eyes.

Every word she uttered she spoke to him, every glance of the blue eyes—which grew violet when she was agitated—though bent upon the Romeo on the stage, was meant for the one face in the vast audience.

She played, if anything, better than she had played last night, and the manager came to her to tell her so.

"Better and better, Miss Marlowe!" he said bowing and smiling. "If you go on like this——"

"The house is crammed," said Jeffrey, who was standing near the wings with a shawl to throw over Doris's shoulders, for like that of most country theatres, the Barton one was rich in draughts.

"Yes," said the manager, "and a first-class audience. Did you notice those two side boxes?"

Jeffrey looked.

"They have both got the curtains drawn," he said.

The manager laughed.

"Yes. They have been drawn like that since the first scene. I expect that a London manager is behind each, eh, Miss Marlowe? Ah, I shan't be able to keep you long!"

Doris smiled absently and passed on to her dressing room.

But in the next act she happened to look up at the right-hand box, and she saw that the curtains were drawn aside.

She glanced at it with the pre-occupied look of an actor, and saw that the only occupant of the box was a young and very beautiful girl, with dark, flashing eyes, and bright, golden hair.

The other box remained screened, and the occupant invisible.

The play proceeded, and then came the shower of bouquets.

Now, Barton is not a floral town by any means, so that the bouquets which fell at the feet of the girlish Juliet must have been procured at some pains and trouble. The Romeo filled his arms with them, and one only remained lying on the stage.

It was a magnificent bouquet of white and purple violets, and as it fell, Doris, looking up, saw the handsome face of Lord Neville close to the stage in the orchestra stalls.

She stooped and raised the bouquet and glanced at him, but this time she did not lift the flowers to her lips.

As she passed off, the manager touched her arm.

"I've found out who it is that's got the box on the prompt side," he said; "it's Lady Grace Peyton, the great London beauty. She's staying at Barton Towers, the Marquis of Stoyle's place, you know."

"At Barton Towers," said Doris, then she went to the side of the proscenium and looked at the box in which Lady Grace's face was just visible. "How beautiful she is!" she murmured.

"Yes, I should think so!" said the manager. "Why, she's the professional beauty of the season; it's an honor to have her in the theatre! And who else do you think is here?" he added exultantly.

"I don't know," said Doris, moving away.

"Why, Lord Cecil Neville, the marquis's nephew, and he was here last night! What do you think of that? It isn't only the pit and gallery that have gone mad over you, Miss Marlowe, but the gentry, too! Just as I said last night! Lord Cecil Neville; I daresay you never heard of him, but he's the best-known man in London! I wish I knew who was in the other box, but I can't find out."

"Perhaps it's the marquis himself," said Doris, with an absent smile.

"Oh, no!" said the manager; "he'd be with Lord Neville or Lady Grace! No, it's not the marquis!"

She went and dressed for the last and great scene, and when she came out found Jeffrey pacing up and down.

"Better than last night, Doris," he said nodding, and glancing at her under his thick frowning brows. "You have made all the points to-night; that's right! Keep cool! Don't let your head be turned by the applause, and the bouquets. What! Violets again to-night? Very kind, very characteristic! Let me hold them for you," and he held out his hand for the bouquet, which, unthinkingly, she had brought out with her.

She extended them to him, when her eyes dwelling on them saw a mark of white amongst the purple blossom.

She drew the bouquet back, and turning from him, lifted a piece of paper from its midst.

Then she gave them to him, saying hurriedly. "Take care of them; they smell so

sweet," and went and took her place at the wing, crushing the piece of paper into the bosom of her dress.

She had to wait some few minutes, and with a quickly throbbing heart she took out the paper and glanced at it.

A scribble in pencil ran across it.

"Will you meet me in the fields to-morrow? I must speak to you. Cecil Neville."

That was all. She replaced the paper in her bosom where it seemed to burn like a living thing, and went on the stage.

If her performance in this scene on the preceding night was good, this, to-night, was much in advance of it. Her voice seemed to thrill the vast audience, and, with her face, moved them to tears.

But Doris was conscious of only one spectator and auditor, the one who leant forward in the centre box, with the rapt attention of a devotee at a shrine.

The curtain fell amidst a thunder of applause, and, pale and quivering, she was led on by the Romeo to receive the enthusiastic expression of approbation and delight.

"Wonderful, Miss Marlowe!" said the Romeo. "Miles ahead of last night, and that was good enough."

She was about to acknowledge the frank and generous compliment, when she felt her arm seized, and saw Jeffrey standing beside her.

His face was white and drawn, his sunken eyes blazing with passion.

"Doris! Doris!" he gasped.

"Jeffrey!" she said, half frightened. "What is the matter?"

"Look, look!" he panted hoarsely, and he drew the edge of the curtain back and pointed to a box on the right-hand side.

Doris looked and saw a fair, pleasant-looking man standing in the front of the box. He was watching the dispersing audience with a gentle smile, and his fat white hand was softly smoothing his long fair hair from his forehead. He looked benevolent enough to be a bishop, and Doris stared from him to the white sahen face of Jeffrey.

"What is it, dear Jeffrey?" she asked.

"Look, look!" he repeated hoarsely. "There stands your greatest enemy, save one! Your greatest enemy in the world! Look at him, Doris! Look at him and remember him!"

She turned her eyes to the box.

"That fair gentleman with the long hair, do you mean, Jeffrey?"

"Yes, that is him! Curse him! Curse him!" he muttered. Then suddenly he seemed to recover himself.

"Come away!" he said brokenly. "Don't pay any attention to what I have said. It—it is nothing!" and he let the edge of the curtain fall.

CHAPTER XL

AT ANY other time Doris would have been alarmed at Jeffrey's sudden outburst of rage, occasioned by the sight of the amiable-looking stranger in the box, but she could think of nothing but the little white note lying hidden in the bunch of violets which Lord Cecil Neville had thrown to her.

It was the first note she had received in that way, and she felt guilty and unhappy.

If she had only told Jeffrey on the first of her acquaintance with Lord Neville! She would have taken the note to him, if she had done so; but she felt that to place it in his hands now would be to call forth one of his fierce outbursts of rage, in which it was quite possible he might seek Lord Neville and force a quarrel on him.

What should she do? The question haunted her all the way home.

Should she write and tell Lord Neville that she could not meet him, and request him not to write to her again? This seemed the easiest thing to do, but she shrank from it for two reasons; one, because Jeffrey had often warned her against writing to strangers; and the other, because it seemed so stern a rebuke for so slight an offense.

For, after all, his sin was not so great. He had asked permission to call upon her, asked it respectfully and with all the deference of a gentleman addressing a lady his equal in position, and she had refused to grant him the permission.

If he wanted to see her what else could he do than write and ask her to meet him?

Once she nearly summoned up courage to tell Jeffrey everything, but, as she looked up at him as he leaned back in the corner of the fly, with bent head and folded arms, she saw so stern and moody an expression on his face that her courage failed her: he was just in the humor to consider the note an insult and seek to avenge it.

And somehow Doris could not regard it in this way.

As she read the words, she seemed to hear Lord Neville's deep, musical voice pronouncing them, pleadingly, respectfully, with reverence rather than insult.

Doris was a great actress, but she was ignorant of the world outside the theatre as a child; she had only her instinct to guide her, and that seemed to say that it was impossible Lord Neville could have meant to insult her!

But the result of her thinking was this: that her acquaintance with him must cease.

She must have no friends save those of the theatre, least of all, a young nobleman who tossed her bouquets of violets, and begged her to meet him in the meadows!

Jeffrey's mood clung to him during the remainder of the night.

As a rule, after their supper, which was an exceedingly simple one, he grew cheerful and talkative; but to-night he sat with bent head and frowning brows, apparently brooding over the past.

Once or twice she saw him look up at her with a half-troubled glance; then, as his eyes met hers, he compressed his lips and sighed; and after awhile he said suddenly,—

"You are happy, Doris?"

She started slightly and the color rushed to her face. It almost seemed as if he knew something was troubling her.

"Happy, Jeffrey? Yes," she said, and she went and sat at his feet and folded her hands on his knee.

He looked down into her beautiful face—not into her eyes, for they were downcast.

"Yes," he said moodily and absently, as if he were communing with his own thoughts rather than addressing her, "yes, you are happy; how could it be otherwise? All that I have wished for has come to pass. You are a great actress, you will be famous. The world will be at your feet—even as you are now at mine! It will hang upon your face, pour its gold into your lap. Great, famous; you are—you must be—happy!"

"Yes, Jeffrey," she said, "and I owe it all to you."

"To me?" he said. "Yes. But if you do, it is a debt that I myself owed. To you, to her——"

"To her?" she murmured wonderingly.

"To Lucy, to your mother," he said, still absently.

"To my mother?" said Doris, with bated breath.

He was silent for a moment, then he seemed as if awakening from a dream.

"Doris," he said gravely, and with visible emotion, "there is something I must tell you. I ought to have told you before this; but I put it off. I would put it off now—" his lips quivered—"for I hate the thought of it. But to-night my conscience has been roused. That man—" he stopped, and his teeth clicked. "Doris!" he exclaimed, with a catch in his breath. "Tell me, have I not been as a father to you? Could any father have striven more hardly for his daughter's good? Could any father have loved you better, and lived for you more solely and entirely than I have done?"

"No, Jeffrey, none!" she said, in a low voice, and laying her soft, white hand upon his rugged and gnarled one soothingly.

"I call Heaven to witness that I have only had one thought, your welfare. When you lay, a little child, in my arms, I devoted my life to you. Every hour of the day I have thought of you, and planned out your future. It was not my own happiness I sought, not my own ambition, but yours—yours! I have lived and striven for one end—your success, and your happiness! And I have won! You are a great actress, Doris, and it is I—I—who have taught and trained and made you what you are!"

"Yes, Jeffrey," she murmured, "I know it! and I am grateful—grateful!"

"But, are you happy? Are you happy, child?" he demanded, and his voice sounded almost stern in its intensity.

The color came and went in her face.

"How could I be otherwise, Jeffrey?" she said. "Yes, I am happy!"

He drew a long breath, as of relief, but went on,—

"Compare your lot with others. I don't mean the poor and commonplace; but those others, the rich, the well-born, the titled. Would you have been happier, for instance, if you had been—let me say—the daughter of a nobleman——"

She smiled at the question, earnestly as it was put.

"I don't know any daughters of noblemen, Jeffrey," she said; "but I don't think I would exchange places with any of them."

He nodded, and laid his hand upon her head.

"No, no," he said moodily.

"No," she said, with a faint laugh. "I would not exchange places with the highest lady in the land! To be able to move a theatre full of people to tears or laughter, that is better than be an earl's daughter, is it not, Jeffrey?"

He started.

"Yes, yes," he said eagerly; "that is what I wanted you to feel! Anyone can be an earl's daughter, but few!—how few!—the Doris Marlowe who wrought an audience to enthusiasm to-night?"

She smiled up at him.

"And what was that you were going to tell me, Jeffrey?"

He started and his hand fell from her head.

"I—I—" he said, uncertainly, "I don't think I'll tell you to-night, Doris; it will keep. I'm not certain that it would make you happier; I'm half inclined to think that it would only make you miserable. No!—I won't tell you. Go to bed, and forget——" He stopped.

"Forget that pleasant-looking gentleman in the box, Jeffrey?" she said, with a smile.

His face darkened, and the hand that rested on the table clenched tightly.

"You saw him!—you saw him!" he said, with suppressed fury. "Remember him, Doris! He is a villain!—a scoundrel! He is your, and my, greatest enemy——"

"That smiling fair-haired gentleman?" she said.

"One may smile, and smile, and then be a villain, Doris," he said, quoting "Hamlet."

"And you won't tell me who he is and all about him, Jeffrey?"

"Not to-night," he said, knitting his brows. "Go now, Doris. Some other time——"

She touched his forehead with her lips, and stole away from him quietly, and went upstairs.

She slept little that night. The roar of the crowded theatre seemed to force its way into the white little room, and with it mingled Jeffrey's strange words hinting at some fraud, and the words of Lord Cecil Neville's note.

The morning broke clear and bright, and she came down, looking rather pale and grave.

Jeffrey ate his breakfast almost in silence, and there was no trace of last night's emotion on his broad brow. As was usual with him, he went down to the theatre directly after breakfast; and Doris was left alone.

The time had now arrived in which she must decide what she must do respecting Lord Neville's note.

She opened her writing-case and, after sitting before it for half-an-hour, wrote an answer in which she declined a meeting with him; and it gave her satisfaction for a few minutes, at the end of which she—tore it up!

No answer she could pen—and she tried hard—seemed satisfactory. Some were too familiar, others too stiff and haughty.

"I shall have to see him!" she murmured at last, as if in despair,—"for the last time!" A thrill of regret ran through her at the words; they sounded so sad and significant.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COURT NEWS.—The following from the Paris *Figaro* is quoted as an amusing specimen of the Court "news" of the Continental Press: "Queen Victoria likes Scotch cookery; all her meals begin with a preparation of oatmeal.

She eats raw ham, which is specially imported from Granada, drinks beer, and eats a particular sort of bread, specially baked for her.

The Queen of Sweden prefers stronger nourishment; she has beefsteaks, often raw, at every meal; salmon, preserved in the Swedish fashion, and pancakes fried in oil.

At the court of Berlin the cooking is chiefly French; the Empress Frederick, however, prefers English cookery, and is particularly fond of cakes.

The Grand Duchess of Baden, whose table is the most *recherche* in Germany, always makes the coffee herself, in a Russian coffee machine, of gold.

At the Quirinal, they invariably eat off gold plate, and drink Italian wines.

The Comtesse de Paris has English cookery; and the Duc d'Aumale eats garlic soup regularly every day.

The ex-Queen Isabella's peculiar weakness is Valencian rice-soup; while the present Queen of Spain remains true to her native Austrian style of cooking.

APPLY the Golden Rule to your every act and thought.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE KING'S KEYS.—The old legal term "the king's keys" meant the crowbars and hammers used to force doors and locks in execution of the king's warrant.

FEVER.—In various parts of the West Indies it is believed that a strip of scarlet cloth worn round the neck will keep off whooping cough. In the west of Scotland it is common to wrap red flannel round the throat for the same reason, and the virtue, we are told, lay not in the flannel, but in the color. The victims of scarlet fever were also sharers in the benefits of red.

RAKING FOR THE MOON.—It is said the people of Wiltshire, Eng., were called moon-rakers from an old story that a farmer's wife raked at the reflection of the moon in a river, thinking it was a cream cheese. She must have been a very simple body. But the name of moon-rakers is stated to have arisen in another way. Some smugglers who had had hidden several small barrels of brandy in a pool, being detected by excise officers in the act of "fishing" for them, told them that they were only raking for the moon!

LEAP YEAR ALL THE TIME.—In the Urkraine, Russia, the maiden is the one that does all the courting. When she falls in love with a man she goes to his house and tells him the state of her feelings. If he reciprocates all is well, and a formal marriage is duly arranged. If, however, he is unwilling she remains there hoping to coax him into a better mind. The poor fellow cannot treat her with the least discourtesy or turn her out, for her friends would be sure to avenge the insult. His best chance, therefore, if he is really determined that he won't, is to leave his home and stay away as long as she is in it. This is certainly a very peculiar way of turning a man out of house and home. On the Isthmus of Darien either sex can do the courting, with the natural result that almost everybody gets married. There is not quite the same chance where the girl has to bide the motions of a hesitating or bashful swain.

ON A FARM.—In answer to the query of a correspondent, "How many Presidents and other prominent men were born on the farm," a western paper says: Washington, Adams, Monroe, Andrew Jackson, Van Buren, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Buchanan, Lincoln and Garfield were all born on farms. Jay Gould was a country boy who came to town with a patent mouse-trap. Henry Ward Beecher was a country boy who loved farm life all his days; William M. Evarts came from a farm in Vermont; Chauncey M. Depew used to run barefoot around Peekskill till Vanderbilt took a fancy to him; Whitelaw Reid is from Ohio, and was 30 years ridding his hair of hayseed; DeWitt Talmage first expanded his lungs calling to an ox team; Sunset Cox hoed potatoes as a lad on his father's farm near Zanesville, Ohio; Abram S. Hewitt was a rosy country lad whose garments were made by the village seamstress, when he first went to New York; Thomas C. Platt was born on a farm; so was L. M. Bates, who got his first commercial training in tending a cross-road store; Addison Cammack was raised on a plantation; so was Tom Ochiltree. The list might be continued indefinitely.

THE BLACK DOLL.—Signs representing this figure are to-day to be seen abroad, indicating a shop for the purchase and sale of second-hand clothing, including a miscellaneous collection of marine stores. The origin of the selection of such a sign, so unconnected apparently with the trade it was designed to indicate, is one which was very creditable to the "Good-man" who first employed it. It seems that some equally honest—because very trustful—dame left a bundle of apparel in the hands of the dealer for his inspection and consideration at leisure, proposing to call again and be paid the next day. Whether she failed to find her way back, or what became of her, history and tradition fail to tell; but discovering a pair of diamond earrings and a black doll wrapped up, clearly by accident, in the bundle of clothes, our worthy storekeeper conceived the idea of hanging the doll over his shop door, to indicate his whereabouts to the poor woman, that he might restore the valuable trinkets she had inadvertently left with him. The honesty of the dealer was rewarded through this novel expedient, for it is recorded that the new sign attracted customers to his shop; and other folk in the same department of business judged it wise to follow so successful an expedient, and hung up "Black Dolls" to distinguish their trade from others. The sign is now rapidly becoming extinct.

LAST WORDS.

BY J. CAMPBELL.

You can write down sweet words in a letter,
And try to send love by the post;
You can tell me how vastly 'tis better
To have played the game Love, though we've lost.

You say you are wretched without me:
Have you ever thought what I endure?
The sickening pain—ah! don't doubt me—
Which not even your presence could cure.

For you know that our passionate yearning
Can never be satisfied here;
In the long lane of Life, there's no turning
That I see, which will bring us more near.

By one act of folly once parted,
We must live out our lives, you and I:
And though we are both broken-hearted,
Let us whisper, good-bye, love, good-bye.

A Lord's Daughter.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

HE KNEW not what he said; the iron hand he had for many weeks kept upon himself gave way; the pent-up passion of his love burst forth in a resistless torrent; he was no longer master of himself. He held her closely clasped to his heart, her aching head drooped against his shoulder, he could feel her tears upon his neck; and yet he did not kiss her. He only pressed her to himself in an embrace that was almost one of despair, and with a misery that was utterly hopeless; and Kathleen's sobs by degrees were quieted, and she grew calmer.

There was something in her position, in the attitude of the man she loved, which resembled rather the dying farewell of one who leaves all that he loves for ever than of one who yields to the sweet temptation of an unlawful and forbidden love. Instinctively she felt, although her lips had not spoken it, that he loved her above all other living women.

It needed no words to interpret aright his broken words of agony, his mute gestures of affection and tenderness. He loved her, and he believed solely in her!

She had told him nothing—uttered not a single word of explanation of her strange conduct, or of confidence respecting the suspicious interview he had partially witnessed—and yet he believed in her!

His love carried him over all that was suspicious and incomprehensible; it was all overlooked and forgotten in the depth and strength of his feeling towards her. She understood this from the bottom of her heart, and was unspeakably grateful.

It was this feeling of boundless gratitude as well as the conviction of the irrevocable nature of the chains that bound them both, which caused her in that moment of exaltation to speak the words which in her calmer aftermood she never ceased to marvel at wondering whence came the inspiration and the courage that gave them utterance.

"Adrian!" she whispered.

Her lips were upon his neck, her eyes closed against the soft shelter of his hair; he could not see her face, but her words fell distinctly upon his ears, so that he never forgot them again to his dying day.

"Adrian, I love you, and you only out of all the world! I shall never love any other man on earth! We are parted for ever and ever by a fate that is ten times worse than death! I can explain to you nothing—nothing at all of what my troubles are. You will never be able to understand them or to account for the things I shall do in the future. Only promise me one thing—one thing only—that it may be some faint comfort to me hereafter—that, whatever I do, and however incomprehensible the things you may hear about me may seem to you, you will never, never doubt that I love you devotedly—that I shall love you until my dying day!"

She raised her face—their eyes met. There was a mute despair in their miserable looks.

Afterwards Adrian realised how great must have been her hopelessness to speak as she did; and afterwards Kathleen thought she should die of shame at the remembrance of what she had been saying to him.

At the time neither of them troubled about these things; they only felt that life was hard and cruel—that they loved each other, but that a fate stronger than their love had parted them for ever.

He took her head between his hands; he pressed his lips, as a brother might have done, upon her brow.

"I will always believe it, Kathleen—always! And, since you have loved me, life will not have been lived altogether in vain," he said gravely and solemnly.

And so they parted, she passing out of the little room with bowed head and clasped hands, and he, after a few moments of waiting till she should have gone, following her slowly and abstractedly, with the weight of a great sorrow imprinted upon his serious face.

Yet love brought its own special sweetness, and both of them were not so desperately unhappy as they might have been had they not made the blissful discovery that in heart at least they belonged irrevocably to each other.

* * * * * *

The ball at Clortell Towers was in full swing. The great drawing-room, stripped of its furniture, was filled from end to end with happy-faced couples of waltzers. The musicians, in the white-and-gold gallery above the doorway, were playing their loudest; girls in diaphanous clouds of tulle or muslin, in shimmer of silks and satins whirled by in a seemingly never-ending succession; there was a glitter of diamonds, a flutter of fans, a hum of gay voices, and a rhythmical beat of many feet. The ball-room was crowded.

In the hall beyond there were other crowds equally gaily clad and no less light-hearted.

Here Lady Elwyn, in gold-embroidered brocade, was receiving her guests; the master of the house, looking aged and ill, was talking to the old Duke of Cawthorn, who, though in years he might have been his father, was yet, in vigor and strength, by far the younger man of the two.

Indeed Lord Elwyn's altered appearance was very generally commented upon in subdued and pitying tones by the guests. It had been long the fashion to attribute all his ailings to that familiar foe the gout; but there were three persons in the world—his wife, his valet, and his doctor—who were well aware that another and more alarming malady had for some time past been slowly consuming him.

On this evening he had made a great effort to take his place amongst his guests and to be himself once more; but a deathly pallor betrayed at what a cost the effort was made, and how unlikely it was that he would ever preside over such a meeting in his own house again.

The most beautiful of all the lovely women who took part in the festivities that evening was undoubtedly Lucille; she bore away the palm from all other competitors.

Her Paris dressmaker, a gentleman of world-wide renown, had surpassed himself in the conception of her toilette; scarlet and silver were its prevailing hues, but indescribable and incomparable were the subtle intricacies of its component parts.

It was indeed the masterpiece of a great artist; and there was not a woman in the room who did not feel oppressed with the sense of the inferiority of her own costume as this glorious vision, like the plumage of some splendid tropical bird, floated past in its glittering glory.

And yet there were a great many present, and those chiefly of the sterner sex, who might have been heard to declare a preference for the far less elaborate toilette worn by Lord Elwyn's daughter.

Kathleen was arrayed entirely in white, with a string of priceless pearls—her father's Christmas-gift to her—round her graceful neck and a huge bouquet of stephanotis in her hand.

There was nothing very remarkable about her dress, and yet she looked unspeakably lovely, and the very simplicity of her raiment did not enhance the sweetness which was one of her chief attractions.

Strangely enough, Kathleen was enjoying herself very much. At twenty there is a buoyancy of heart which it takes a great deal to destroy; and, in spite of the distressing scenes of the previous day, of its alarms and humiliations, she had in a great measure recovered her spirits and her equanimity.

There were several causes for this. To begin with, the unpleasant impression which had been created in the minds of those who had witnessed her confusion and distress in the billiard-room had in a great measure been cleverly smoothed away and obliterated by Lady Elwyn's judicious efforts.

Her step-mother had been annoyed with her niece for interfering with her pet scheme of marrying Kathleen to Colonel Elwyn. There had been some angry words between them, and Lady Elwyn had set herself to work to counteract Lucille's exhibition of petulant malice.

She had easily persuaded Alfred Elwyn that he had misunderstood the cause of Kathleen's agitation, and he had graciously consented to overlook it—although, at the bottom of his heart, he was by no means entirely satisfied.

However, he promised himself irrevocably to marry her, and was secretly determined to "have it out with her," as he expressed it, when he did her the honor of proposing to her.

Lucille and Kathleen had also interchanged a few words which had somewhat improved the situation to them both.

They had met after breakfast that day, and Miss Maitland had thought it wise to offer some kind of apology for her conduct. Kathleen, who was good-natured to a fault, eagerly met her half-way.

"Pardon you? Of course I will!" she cried impulsively. "You could not guess that I should feel it so much—I am sure you did not mean it, Lucille!"

"Ah, but you don't quite understand! I did mean it in a great measure; but I want to explain to you that, if you will let me alone, I will let you alone."

"I don't quite comprehend."

"No? Oh, it's simple enough, my dear! You don't want me, I presume, to reveal to your father the somewhat suspicious circumstances concerning the common man who talked to me about you so familiarly?"

"Oh, no, no—pray do not!"

"Very well; then as long as you hold your tongue about me"—looking at her meaningly—"I will hold my tongue about you. Now do you understand?"

The color rose slowly in Kathleen's face.

"I think I do," she answered slowly. "But you need not have taken such a cruel method of enforcing my silence, Lucille. I never meant to betray what—what I saw to any one. I think you might have trusted me!"

"I never trust anybody—especially a woman," answered Miss Maitland carelessly. "Anyhow, it's always better to make sure of things; and you are not likely now to describe, in one of those confidential tete-a-tetes with Sir Adrian for which you always seem to have a predilection, the little incident you witnessed. You see, if you were by accident to tell him, why then, I should tell your father that he had better look into that little mystery about you!"

After that little explanatory conversation, Miss Maitland had resumed her ordinary manner towards Kathleen, and treated her with her usual half-contemptuous indifference; and Kathleen, whose love for "peace at any price" was perhaps one of the most unhappy weaknesses of her character, was glad to put aside the unpleasant incident and to endeavor to forget it.

In the same way, the knowledge of her temporary truce with Tom Darley blinded her to the fresh dangers which threatened her in the future.

She was content to live in the present, and to be thankful that he had for the time taken himself out of her path.

And Adrian loved her! Not all the bitterness of the facts which divided him from her—not all the misery which the future had in store for her—could entirely obliterate that great and crowning fact.

He loved her—he believed in her! But for his bonds to another, he would have been hers and she the chosen of his heart.

"I don't much care what else happens to me!" thought the girl to herself, as Major De la Braille was whirling her around amongst the crowd of waltzers.

"Nothing can take that away from me—it is a treasure which is my very own, hidden forever in the depths of my heart!"

For sorrow was as yet but an empty word to her, and the cup of bitterness, which she was destined to drain to its dregs, had as yet but touched her lips.

At twenty it seems much easier to be happy than to be wretched; and it would have taken a harder experience than Kathleen's had been to make her believe in the reality of sorrow and suffering.

Meanwhile there was a large number of persons present who were much interested in the handsome young couple who it was already known far and wide were to be married from Clortell Towers and in Clorchester Minster early in February; and not a few of these watchful people were a good deal surprised to notice that Sir Adrian Deverell did not dance once with his promised bride.

Sir Adrian, in fact, did not dance at all; when he was not talking politely to some dignified dowager, or discussing the foxes and the pheasants with some neighboring squire, he was for the most part leaning back listlessly, with folded arms, against the wall near the entrance of the ball-room, watching the dancers with grave and almost gloomy abstraction.

He was not even—so more than one observant maiden noticed—sentimentally engaged in following Miss Maitland's regal figure with adoring gaze; he never looked at her at all indeed, save in the most casual and uninterested fashion; and whether he looked at any one of the lovely women who floated past, or whether he saw not one of them, but only some melancholy vision of his own thoughts, did not make itself clear at all to the dear creatures who cast shy glances at him as they went by.

What a pity, thought these young ladies, that such a handsome man should look so cross and dreary, and take so little pleasure in the sight of the beautiful creature who was so soon to stand at his side before the high altar in the Minster! What a grumpy bad-tempered husband he would make, this man who was evidently so far from being the conventionally ardent and eager lover! Poor, poor Lucille Maitland!

And then furthermore it began to be noticed that the bride-elect danced a great deal, and did not seem to miss the attentions of her lover at all; also that she danced very often with the same man—in fact, as the evening wore on, that she danced with hardly any other man—and that this man was also good-looking in quite another style that that of Sir Adrian Deverell, and that he was fifty times more devoted to her than was that gentleman.

All these things, which were noticed and commented upon at the time, were remembered long after, when subsequent events threw a strange significance upon them.

"I really mustn't dance again with you, Laurie—this must positively be the very last time to-night!" she whispered in Laurence Doyle's ear, as he whirled her round in his arms.

"The room is full of cats, who are all taking notes of my proceedings."

"Let them then! What do I care?"

"Also, I perceive my lieve-lord surveying the scene with savage gloom on his brow, and diabolical bad temper, no doubt, in his heart."

"Is he jealous of me, do you think? I wonder now he likes the feeling? I've had a good turn myself at that business. I'm very glad if I am able to give him a few twinges of that nice old-fashioned disease! Don't let us stop, Lucille—you are dancing divinely to-night! Good heavens, what a beautiful woman you are! And you ought by rights to be mine—mine!"—and he pressed her almost savagely to his breast.

"Don't!" she answered coldly, drawing back from him. "You forget yourself, Laurie, and you are compromising me!"

They stopped, and by accident found themselves standing not far away from Sir Adrian. Laurence Doyle looked at him quickly.

Adrian's eyes were fixed hungrily, yearningly, and miserably, not upon Lucille Maitland, but upon the passing figure of Lord Elwyn's daughter.

"By George, Lucille, look, that's a rum go!"

"What is? Why do you talk such horrid slang?"

"Why, do you not see Deverell? He isn't watching you with jealous eyes at all—not a bit of it—he is looking after your pretty little enemy!"

"Whom on earth do you mean, Laurie?"

"Why, the girl who is in love with the gardener, or the farm-laborer—which was it?—Miss Elwyn!"

Lucille shivered from head to foot; a fierce jealousy shook her. She did not love Adrian—she was, in fact, far nearer to loving the pretty empty-headed boy by her side; but she could brook no rival; and the thought that Kathleen had obtained any power over the heart of the man whom she meant to marry lashed her into positive fury.

"I shall do her a mischief yet!" she muttered.

"I believe Deverell is spoons on that girl!" continued the unconscious youth gaily. "And he's jealous of old Mephistopheles—what a lark!"

"How vulgar you are!" cried Lucille angrily. "Your conversation is that of a schoolboy! And, good heavens, how can you insult me by suggesting that any man—least of all the man who is going to be my husband—can possibly admire that underbred little daughter of a barmaid, with her pretty dolly face and make-believe innocent air, more than myself?"

Laurie, as was his custom when at a loss for words, took refuge in a low reflective

whistle. Sometimes he had a very rough time of it with his beautiful divinity.

She had a way of petting him and of leading him on until he poured out his whole soul at her feet, and then of suddenly pretending to be offended and talking about her future husband in a manner that was extremely irritating.

"You are very hard on me, Lucille," he murmured miserably—"deuced hard! Sometimes I think I was a fool ever to come here!"

"I know you were, Laurie. Why did you come?"

"Because you wrote and begged me to do so; you said you longed for a few more hours of happiness with me before being turned off—you said it would give you pleasure to see me—you said that we should ——"

"Good gracious, my dear fellow, don't go on enumerating all the things I've ever said! I really don't want to be reminded of my own remarks so categorically! I can't stop in this room and watch that sly creature any longer—I feel as if I should choke! Let us go and have some supper, Laurie."

In the supper-room there was already a great number of people, and, as the waltzing came shortly afterwards to an end in the ball-room, a fresh crowd of hungry and thirsty dancers was soon crowding in at the open doors.

In addition to a long table groaning beneath its load of good things which reached from end to end of the long room, there were also countless little tables, each spread for two persons, down both sides of the centre one.

These tables, which were in many cases divided from each other by clumps of palms and exotic plants, or else by Japanese screens draped with rich embroideries, were very much sought after, especially by such couples—and they were numberless—as were engaged in the pleasant and popular pastime of flirtation.

Lucille and Mr. Doyle, who came into the room before the dance was over, easily secured one of these much-coveted little corners for themselves.

It was at the end of the room, and was tastefully screened off from its next neighbor by a pyramid of plants, through the drooping leaves of which Lucille could see that the adjoining table was very soon taken possession of by Colonel Elwyn and Kathleen.

For some time there was a great noise of talking and laughing in the vast supper-room, the clinking of knives and forks, the clattering of plates, and the frequent popping of champagne corks mingling with the voices of the feasting guests.

For a good while nothing else could be heard; and Lucille occupied herself with soothing and flattering her ruffled companion—a process whereby she soon worked him up again to a condition of fever-heated adoration.

It had been her system all along to cajole and caress him—to murmur, with sighs and with amorous glances, how dearly she loved him—and then, when he was half frantic with love and despair, to turn round on him with cold scorn, and to assure him that she certainly meant all the same to keep her engagement with Adrian, and that never, never, never, in any circumstances whatever, would she have consented to marry himself.

It was a game that was very amusing to her; she was never tired of playing it, nor of working upon the feelings of the unfortunate youth whose weakness was of a more decided nature than his wickedness.

On this evening she played at this little pastime in the cosy corner of the supper-room where they were screened from all observers and virtually tete-a-tete together in the crowd.

She rested her white elbows upon the table, cracking a little crisp biscuit daintily between her pearly teeth, and fixing her blue eyes—tender, saucy, languid by turns—upon the face of the youth before her. Sometimes she murmured broken words—sometimes she sighed—sometimes a little ripple of laughter broke from her red lips—and sometimes, again, she only looked at him, practising upon him one of those long slow looks of concentrated love and regret which set his brain on fire and well nigh drove him to madness.

He was infinitely more amusing than Adrian. She had never been able to play such pranks upon him—never, even in the first days of their courtship.

When she had essayed it, he had seemed shocked and revolted, and had speedily shown her that such arts had no place in the honest and open love of two persons who understood each other.

That perhaps was why she had tired of him so soon, and why Laurence Doyle attracted her so much more than he did.

Adrian was commonplace in her estimation—that is to say, he was an honest, manly, straightforward Englishman; whilst Laurie she designated as "picturesque"—which meant to her that she could twist him round her fingers and amuse herself at his expense.

She did not want to marry Laurie—oh, dear, no!—but for purposes of entertainment he was infinitely more to her taste.

All the time she was talking to him and torturing him according to her wont, one ear—to which occasionally she raised her white fingers idly as though to twist the diamond ear-ring that glittered there—was alive and alert to what was going on at the next table behind the plants.

For a long time she could hear nothing, because the crowd and the noise in the supper-room was so great; but after a while another dance was struck up in the ball-room, and the room began rapidly to empty.

"Don't you want to go and dance?" asked Laurie.

"Not I. I am far happier where I am. Are not you?" with a siren look of intensest love.

The infatuated young man murmured words of devotion as he laid his fingers on hers. She drew them away hurriedly with a warning "Hush!" for she had begun to hear the murmur of the voices of the two persons at the next table.

"I entreat you to tell me!" she heard Colonel Elwyn say.

Lucille's time was come.

"Laurie, dear boy, do go and get me another quail—one of those nice ones stuffed with truffles—they are simply delicious! I must have another!"

"Dearest, I've already hunted high and low to find you some—the servants say they are all eaten."

"Oh, but they will have brought up a fresh supply by now! Go and ask again. If you find Simpkins the butler he will tell you where to get them."

Laurie rose obediently.

"And a pint more champagne, Laurie—some of that dry wine, the '74, you know, don't be put off with the other!"

Mr. Doyle walked away to fulfil her orders, utterly unconscious that the lady of his affections only wanted to get rid of him for a space. Then in the hush that followed his departure, Lucille heard Kathleen's voice.

"I could never marry a man who would not trust me, Colonel Elwyn!"

"But, if I do trust you, Kathleen—if I swear to you on my honor that, having told me that you are absolutely innocent of any evil thing in your life, I will believe thoroughly and entirely—by Jove, it would be impossible to doubt you!—well, then will you not think better of it and consent to be my wife?"

"No, no—it is impossible! You are very, very generous and good to me; but it can never be!"

"Why? Am I so repulsive to you?"

"No, it is not that, although I think we should be unsuited to each other; but that is not my reason."

"What is it then?"

"Do not ask me—I cannot tell you, Colonel Elwyn!"

"Will you not try to like me well enough? I spoke to your father this morning—his very soul and heart is set upon it!"

"Poor papa!"

"Consider, Kathleen, how happy such a union would make him. The loss of his son was a terrible blow both to his love and his ambition."

"Yes—I know, I know!"

"Think how much it would make up to him if you would only consent to marry me! I know, my dear child, that I am too old for you—that I cannot hope to be a young girl's fancy; but, if I do not expect ——"

"Oh, you are very good to me, Colonel Elwyn! I know quite well that it would be a good thing for me if I could marry you; but——"

"At any rate, do not decide now. Think it over; take a month—three months—any time you like—only just give me a chance!"

Colonel Elwyn, piqued by Kathleen's refusal, was now pleading his cause with all the eagerness of an ardent lover. Her resistance made him only more determined than ever, and, in his strong desire to win both her and her fortune, he was quite ready to overlook that uncomfortable little scene in the billiard-room on the previous night which had so greatly upset his equanimity.

There was a little silence; Kathleen seemed to be debating.

"If I could only explain," she began hesitatingly.

"My dear child, do explain—do confide in me! There can possibly be no invincible barrier."

"There is an invincible barrier, Colonel Elwyn."

"Tell me what it is."

"Very well," she said, after a brief silence—"I will tell you something. I cannot tell you the whole of it; but I can tell you one thing that makes it impossible for me even to consider your proposal. If I tell you this one thing, will you promise me on your word of honor that you will not question me further, or seek to know more than I tell you?"

"I swear I will not!"

"Well, then, I cannot even think of being your wife, Colonel Elwyn, because I have promised to marry some one else as soon as I am twenty-one."

"I can't get hold of a single quail, Lucille! They are all gone—there are no more to be had. I have brought you some pheasant galantine instead—Simpkins says it's splendid stuff; and here's the fizz; so now I hope you will be satisfied with me."

Miss Maitland was anything but satisfied with him, and lost her temper horribly over the galantine. Why could he not have stopped away longer, and allowed her to hear more of that most interesting conversation at the next table?

"Beastly stuff!" she said, pushing the offending plate crossly away. "I hate galantines, especially of pheasant! Why couldn't you bring me what I asked you to get?"

"There wasn't any to be had. I assure you, I went all over the place after it! This is very nice."

"I don't want it—I won't touch it! No, no—no champagne either! I am sick of this room! I will go back and dance. Take me back to the other room."

She sailed off in the very worst of bad tempers, Laurence Doyle following her in a much-crushed and humbled condition of mind.

"And is it likely that I am going to hold my tongue and see that girl become Lady Elwyn, with all her father's money and a place like Clortell, when by a single word I could stop it all and crush her to the very dust?"

That was what Miss Maitland said to herself as she stood once more in the brilliantly-lighted ball-room, and half unconsciously permitted Laurence Doyle's arm to steal round her waist and to whirl her away into a polka which was then being danced.

All through that polka she was unusually silent; but her thoughts were alive and active.

"She is engaged to that common man then—that is her shameful secret! He must have got some hold over her. He said they had been 'more than friends.' Bah—how sickenly disgraceful! I suppose she thinks Alfred Elwyn will marry her in spite of that vague 'barrier' she talked about. But, if Colonel Elwyn knew what sort of a man it was that his dainty young lady was bound to—if he had seen as I have, his rough dirty clothes, his low sensual face—which she has doubtless caressed—his tangled hair—which she has doubtless fondled—he would not be quite so ready, I fancy, to want her for himself! And, if her father knew—ah, if her father knew!—what would his feelings be towards the gutter-child whom he has tried to turn into a lady, but who all this time has been carrying on a low intrigue with an individual whose proper position is to feed the pigs in the farm-yard? If only her father knew!"

They had come to a halt by the door of the conservatory.

"How horribly white you look, Lucille! Are you tired? You have danced too much to-night. You should have had that pint of champagne—it would have done you good. Come back into the supper-room and let me get you some."

She was, in fact, deadly white. A great and desperate resolution was growing up in her mind.

She who loved money, and to whom revenge was sweet, would it not be a splendid thing if by one grand stroke she could gratify both of these tastes at once?

The mental struggle, not with her conscience—Lucille did not own such a thing—but with the expediency and the due carrying out her object, knit her brows into long lines of anxiety and drew down the corners of her mouth. She looked old and worn at that moment.

"Thanks," she said quietly, in answer to Laurence Doyle's anxious inquiries and suggestions—"I do feel a little tired, and the room is very hot. Yes; I think a glass of champagne would certainly pull me together a bit."

As she moved through the crowd in the ball-room on Laurie's arm, she was saying to herself:

"If my uncle knew that about his daughter; if he were told of it judiciously; if I could tell it him in such a manner as to put the very worst construction upon her conduct—then his anger and his disgust would be so great that he would disinherit her; he would certainly make a new will, and he would undoubtedly leave a very large sum of money to me instead of to her, as my aunt is convinced he intended to do before the fancy came to him to acknowledge this mysterious girl whose mother nobody knows anything certain about. Yes, the money would come to me instead of to her, if Lord Elwyn were told!"

As they went through the hall towards the supper-room, they passed Colonel Elwyn and Kathleen coming out of it. She was leaning upon his arm, and he was stooping down smilingly towards her.

She did not seem at all agitated or unhappy; and the Colonel did not look in the least like a desponding lover—on the contrary, he appeared full of hope and good spirits.

Had she accepted him after all, in spite of the engagement about which she had told him?

Was that nothing but a blind to lead him on—a clever ruse to make him more keen in pressing his suit, more ready to forget the scene in the billiard-room of the preceding day? Lucille looked at them both with desperation.

That wretched girl should not triumph over her; should not first steal Sir Adrian's heart from herself, and then fall back on a brilliant match and all the family diamonds with the future Lord Elwyn!

Why should she go unpunished and undetected in her vile practises? It amounted almost to a holy and virtuous indignation that burnt by this time in Miss Maitland's outraged soul.

"Colonel Elwyn evidently has little idea of what sort of man it is who has made love to her! It may or may not be true that she is engaged to him; but, anyhow, she has said so with her own lips, and that is evidence enough to convict her. Why should I hesitate? Why should I delay? No doubt, when my uncle learns the truth, he will discard for ever the low girl, who, in all probability, is not his legitimate child, and a cruel wrong will be righted—vice will be trampled under foot and virtue will be rewarded. I shall tell the whole story to Lord Elwyn to-morrow."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SULTAN'S DARLING.—The following is the correct version of the manner in which the Shah made the acquaintance of the little boy who was recently in Europe the object of as much curiosity as His Majesty himself.

Some seven years ago His Majesty was out in the mountains lion hunting, when in the evening a terrific thunderstorm came on, with the result that His Majesty had to seek shelter in the first house or hut he came to.

This happened to be the humble abode of a shepherd, who had but one child—a boy. During the night the Shah heard the child cry, and, feeling uneasy, His Majesty left his room and visited the child.

Scarcely, however, had he left his apartment, when the roof gave way and fell upon the bed upon which he had just been lying.

Had the Shah been there he would have been inevitably killed. His Majesty was much startled, and attributed his deliverance from a violent death to the boy, stating that the child must have been inspired by Mahomet.

The following morning the Shah directed that both the boy and his father should thenceforward remain in personal attendance upon him.

His paternal feeling for the boy is so well known that he is known throughout Persia as Azz Sultan, or the "Sulten's Darling." The Shah has never since gone out without the boy. The father was subsequently promoted to high rank in the Persian army, and accompanied the Shah in his European travels.

A lode of the rare and precious metal, uranium, has been discovered at Cornwall, in England. A century ago the existence of this metal was hardly known.

The road to destruction is paved with good intentions.

ACCORDING TO APPEARANCE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM COWAN.

Scoff not, dear girl, at homely worth,
Thy praise let not mere tinsel win;
A rough exterior often hides
The brave heart of a heroine.

Ugly the form and coarse the stalk
Of many a plant that meets the eye,
Whose scent is sweet and flower more fair
Than rainbow painted on the sky.

Wealth, beauty, charm of manner, dress,
Though much, yet these are not the whole;
Faith, goodness, honor, purity
The nobler virtues of the soul—

The vision clear, the simple trust,
The tender conscience, and the love
That haunts the scenes of wretchedness,
And points the dying eye above—

I know no better things than these:
Who has them is a friend to gain;
For God is nigh where'er they dwell,
And blessing follows in their train.

My First Brief.

BY J. K. LEWIS.

CHAPTER I.

RAT-TAT-TAT!

The sharp little knocker brought me back to the world of reality. I was lying in an easy chair at the window of my room in the Temple, my pipe in my mouth and a volume of "Smith's Leading Cases" on my knee. The bright autumn sunshine was lighting up the trees in the court below, and the ceaseless plash of the fountain was the only sound that met my ears. But my imagination had carried me far away from the Temple and hot, dusty London. I was lying on the breast of Ben Morlach, a gun by my side and my faithful Flora at my feet. I could see the rich bloom of the heather and the hot mist rising in the valley. I could almost feel and smell of the wild juniper and hear the murmur of the burn.

But the vision passed away, and I woke from my day-dream with a sigh. These things were not for me, this year at the very least.

I could not afford a holiday this "long," for I was but beginning the weary waiting time that most men at the bar have to look forward to, and my money was rapidly melting away.

Rat-tat-tat tat!!

Again the knocker sounded. Surely the clerk must have gone out. He should have told me—careless fellow. I went to the door, and found a boy with papers in his hand.

"Mr. Winter," he said.

"That is my name."

"Hope you'll be able to come at once, sir," he returned, and was off down stairs before I had overcome my surprise.

I looked at the paper he had left in my hand.

"Bow Street Police Court. Reg. v. Marchmont. Brief for the defendant—Mr. Winter, three guineas. Simmons and Vane, Bedford Row."

It was all quite regular, but how could Simmons and Vane know of me, or how could they, a large respectable firm, be defending a prisoner at Bow Street?

I glanced inside the paper, and read:

"The defendant, Lucy Marchmont, is charged with larceny of a diamond brooch at the Langham Hotel at an early hour this morning. The case will be called on at Bow Street to-day, and it is hoped that counsel will be able to attend the Court at once."

That was all. I looked at my watch. Twenty minutes to twelve. I crammed the brief into my pocket, rushed out, caught a hansom, and was soon bowling along towards Bow Street, trying to recollect scraps of the criminal law concerning larceny on the way.

I felt decidedly nervous; this was almost my first brief, though I had been more than three years at the bar. I had never paid any particular attention to criminal law; and as for the facts of the case, I was left in perfect ignorance.

I suppose few of my readers have ever been in a police-court! It is not a nice place. It is very dark. That strange unclean smell, which only proceeds from unwashed human beings, is there in full force. The very walls and benches are impregnated with it. All the woodwork is brown and greasy; and the walls and ceiling, once white, are now an ugly yellow-brown.

The magistrate, is sharp, decisive, and quick in making up his mind, as he needs to be, considering the number of cases he has to get through in an hour. Below him sits his clerk, and below him again is a square table with seats round it for solicitors. Behind the table, facing the bench, is the dock, surrounded by iron spikes and guarded by stalwart policemen.

I took a seat at the solicitors' table with my back to the dock, and hardly had I done so when I heard the name of Lucy Marchmont called by an official.

Immediately a lean, youthful, pink-faced gentleman rose at the other end of the table, and said a few words to the magistrate and the clerk in a low tone. He seemed to be making a request, which the clerk was backing in a hesitating sort of way. But Mr. Fitzroy was a little irritable today.

"Oh dear me; let us get on. We can't put off time in this way."

"I appear for the prisoner," I said to the magistrate.

He stared; the magistrate's clerk stared; and the pinky-faced young gentleman stood up and stared too.

"Who are you, sir?" asked the magistrate.

"I am a member of the bar; and I hold a brief to defend the prisoner," I answered, a little nettled at his manner.

"Mr. Winter's got some one to hold his brief," said the clerk in a low voice.

"I beg your pardon," said I; "I am Mr. Winter."

"But not our Mr. Winter," said the magistrate with a smile. "However, I'm very glad to see you. Let us go on."

Meanwhile the young gentleman had been pushing his way up to me round the table. In a few words he explained that he was an articled clerk of Messrs. Simmons and Vane.

A client of theirs, Lady Pendruhyn, had sent to them that morning, asking them to take up the case.

They had had no time to learn anything about it, and they had sent a brief to a Mr. Winter (who had some reputation as a criminal lawyer, but of whom I had never heard), as the best thing they could do, and had got the case postponed once or twice in the hope of his coming.

Their messenger, a careless lad, had idled on his errand, made hurried inquiries in the Temple, and had finally delivered the brief to me, without noticing that my initials and address were different from those of the gentleman whom he was directed to find.

"You had better take back the brief," said I, holding out to him the sheet of paper, "as it was meant for another."

"Oh, no, no," he returned; "you keep it now. There's no time for anything else."

This was not very complimentary, but the first witness, a large, stout, imperious looking woman, was being sworn, so there was no time to be lost. I caught up a pen and jotted down the heads of the evidence that was being given, thus:

"Emilie de Barceau. 39 years old. Widow. Travelled with maid and courier from Brussels. Arrived in London last night. Went to Langham Hotel. Lady Pendruhyn and her people travelled with witness from the Ruine. Prisoner Lady P.'s maid—companion, rather. Witness had a good many jewels, in particular a diamond brooch. Prisoner greatly admired it. Where? At Stuttgart,—also at Paris, where she had shown the jewels again. Last night she retired about 10 30. Prisoner came into her bed-room, and asked to see the jewels again. Only seemed to care to look at diamond brooch. Identifies brooch. Prisoner held it some time in her hand and looked all over it carefully. Witness locked it up in jewel-case. Cannot say whether her bed-room door was locked. Should say it was not locked. Can't say if door between maid's room and passage locked. In morning saw keys hanging from jewel-case. Missed brooch. Gave information to hotel manager. Police came. Sergeant Wilkins showed her brooch about 10 A. M. Identifies it. Kept key of jewel-case on bunch, which witness put into a little bag which was lying on the dressing-table. Prisoner saw her place the keys there. The bag was not locked. Did not touch the bunch, nor look at it, till she saw it hanging from jewel-case next morning."

Her evidence was given, and my turn had come to put any questions I might think advisable. I thought it safer not to cross-examine the witnesses at this stage of the proceedings, and as I stood up to say so, I turned round and looked at my client for the first time.

Our eyes met. How can I set down in cold blood the thrill of surprise with which I gazed for that brief instant at her lovely face.

I could not have given, the next moment, any clear description of her appearance. I only knew that the purest, tenderest eyes I had ever beheld were looking into mine—that the face I had seen was one of surpassing loveliness. I bent forward to her and whispered:

"Is there anything that you particularly wish me to ask this lady? I think it much better not to cross-examine her at present."

The girl bent her head slightly towards me and said calmly in a very sweet low voice:

"Ask her where she got the brooch, and how long she has had it."

I turned to the bench and said I wished to look at the brooch. It was handed to me at once. They were certainly magnificent brilliants, in an old-fashioned setting. The back of the brooch was formed of a massive gold plate.

"May I ask," said I, "how you became possessed of this brooch?"

"Surely, Mr. Winter," put in the magistrate quickly, "you do not mean to deny the ownership?"

"I can hardly tell yet, sir, what the nature of my defence is," was my answer, as I continued looking at the witness for a reply.

"It was given to me by my late husband."

The answer was firmly given.

"When?" was my next question.

"About — about six years before his death."

"But we don't know when you became a widow."

"About nine years ago."

"Then you have had this brooch fifteen years?"

I fancied that Madame Barceau hesitated a moment, but she replied with a firm nod, "Yes."

"What's the use of this?" said the magistrate testily.

"Only one other question, sir," said I. "You had other jewels in the case, Madame, that night?"

"No. I removed them and put them into my trunk. I kept out the brooch because I was going to send it to be cleaned next morning."

"By the way, do you know where your husband got the brooch?"

"No. How should I? I suppose he bought it."

This was said a little indignantly, and I sat down.

The next witness was one of the waiters of the hotel. He said that he was coming down stairs early that morning when he saw a lady come out of No. 96 bed-room (Madame Barceau's room) dressed in a grey dressing-gown, with light blue trimming.

The lady had her back to him, so that he could not see her face, but he noticed that her feet were bare, and that her long fair hair hung down her back, almost to her waist. (Involuntarily I glanced at the prisoner. She had abundant hair, of a beautiful, warm, yellow tinge. She caught me looking at her, blushed slightly, and dropped her eyes.)

The lady was about Miss Marchmont's height. It was quite light enough for him to notice these things—broad daylight in fact. The lady went into bed-room 99 That was Miss Marchmont's room. She seemed to have something in her right hand—at least she held her right hand closed against her breast, and opened and shut the door with her left hand.

Next came a sergeant of police. From "information received" he went to the Langham Hotel that morning. Went to Miss Marchmont's bed-room; she was not there at the time. Found this brooch in a small box in Miss Marchmont's trunk The trunk was locked. The box was not; it had no lock. He also found this dressing-gown in the room. (He produced a grey dressing-gown with trimming and belt of light blue silk.) He had searched, but could find no other dressing-gown in the hotel like it.

I thought I might venture on a question or two with this witness.

"Did you tell Miss Marchmont you were going to search her room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Didn't she appear very indignant."

"Yes, rather."

"Very much surprised?"

"Well, yes. They generally does look surprised."

"Did you ask for her keys?"

"Yes."

"And she gave them up readily?"

"Oh, yes."

"But didn't she indignantly deny all knowledge of the brooch?"

Yes, she did."

"And I suppose you found nothing else of a suspicious character?"

"No."

The Crown solicitor then asked that the prisoner be committed for trial. I asked for a remand. I said my client had had no opportunity of instructing a solicitor. Inquiries would have to be made in several directions. (I said this because I could think of nothing better to say.) And I had no doubt that evidence would be produced which would throw a very different light on the affair.

(Here the pink-faced young gentleman whispered a few words to me.)

"Miss Marchmont," I continued, "is a lady of the highest respectability, of the most unblemished character. It is incredible that she should have——"

"Well," interrupted the magistrate, "if you think it will do you any good, I'll grant a remand, for a week."

Then I ask that the prisoner be admitted to bail; Lady Pendruhyn offered bail to any amount. The Crown objected to this, the evidence was so strong.

"Are you any relation to Lady Pendruhyn?" asked Mr. Fitzroy of the prisoner.

"None at all."

"Because, if you had been a relation, I should have wanted another security, but as you are not, I think her security will be enough—in two thousand pounds."

This being settled, my work was done, and I rose to go. As I left the court I glanced once more at the dock, Miss Marchmont was going down the little staircase inside the spiked railings to the cells, to wait there until Lady Pendruhyn should come to sign the bail-bond.

The girl's face was firm and composed, though a cloud of anxiety hung over her eyes. She seemed to be entirely mistress of herself, as one who, though in danger, has some support which she knows to be sufficient.

Her beauty now struck me even more forcibly than before. I could see that her features were delicately moulded, while her expression was gentle and sweet beyond what I had ever seen in a human face. Once more, as I looked, our eyes met.

I withdrew mine in confusion, but when in a second or two I ventured to look back, she had disappeared from my view.

CHAPTER II.

SEPTEMBER passed away and October came, and I had heard no more of Lucy Marchmont. I searched the newspapers every day, and learned that she had been committed for trial, being allowed out on the same bail as before. My assistance had not been again invoked, and it did not appear that any effort had been made to get the case dismissed by the magistrate. But thanks to the good rule, that when once counsel is retained in a case, he must be briefed in it all through, I found on my table one afternoon a veritable brief, endorsed, "In The Central Criminal Court; October 17th, 1879. Reg. v. Marchmont. Prosecution for Larceny. Brief for the defendant. Mr. Winter; with you, Mr. Serjt. Gubbings. Fifteen guas. Consultation, one gua. Simmons and Vane, Bedford Row."

I eagerly opened the papers, but they contained nothing that I did not know before. Evidently the idea was that the well-known orator, Serjeant Gubbings, was to invent some specious nonsense about the young lady meaning to play a joke upon her friend, and make an appeal to the jury, which would practically come to this, that they could not be so hard-hearted as to send so beautiful and lady-like a girl to a convict prison.

My part in the performance would be purely ornamental. I threw myself down in my chair and reflected once more, as I had often done during the last six weeks, upon this singular case.

That she was really guilty—that she really meant to steal the diamonds—I never believed for a moment. I, at least, would never believe it, if a thousand fat French widows and pig-headed waiters swore to it. But how account for the facts of the case? How invent any theory that was consistent with them and yet compatible with her innocence?

Ay, there was the rub. I could not do it, and my imagination wandered off to consider what might have been if I had met her under happier circumstances, and if I had not been so confoundedly poor. Could I have made that lovely face brighten and blush when I came near, or would some one far above me in wealth and station——? But my reverie was broken in upon. Serjeant Gubbings' clerk had called to say that the great man had fixed to-morrow afternoon, at three o'clock, for consultation, at his chambers, Paper Buildings.

My foolish heart beat faster. At last, then, I should see her, speak to her. For surely she would be there, could there be any doubt of that?

I very nearly wrote to Messrs. Simmons and Vane telling them to be sure that Miss Marchmont was present at the consultation. But I forebore, and waited as patiently as I could for the appointed time.

Punctually at three o'clock I mounted the Serjeant's staircase. At his door I met my pink-faced friend, and with him—Miss Marchmont.

I was almost too shy to look at her, and stood silently by, while Serjeant Gubbings' clerk was explaining that his master was unwell and our consultation must be held next day. We descended the staircase together.

The solicitor's clerk had to go off in a hurry to the city, so politeness justified me in volunteering to see Miss Marchmont out of the Temple and put her into a cab. I led the way—not the nearest way to the street, but one which led through the deserted courts.

I glanced at my companion, but she was looking straight before her. Evidently she was not going to be the first to speak. At last I found my tongue.

"I hope, Miss Marchmont, it will not inconvenience you to come back again to-morrow."

"Oh, that does not matter," she said, "and perhaps Lady Pendruhyn will be able to come with me to-morrow. She is in Scotland now."

Her voice and accent were singularly pure and sweet.

It was a pleasure to hear her speak for the very music of her tones. But in my unaccountable shyness I hardly knew how to continue the conversation.

"I am glad you can come," I said at last; "for we could not get on very well without you."

"How?"

"Why, we wish you to explain things to us; to tell us what defence we are to make for you."

"I have nothing to tell,"—and here her voice was a little louder, clear, and cold, "I know nothing whatever of the brooch, nor of how it came into my trunk."

"I know that, but——"

Something in my tone, though I spoke as if I were merely speaking words of course, must have struck my companion, for she turned towards me and said earnestly, almost sharply:

"Do you believe that? Do you really believe that I am innocent—entirely innocent?"

I looked at the beautiful girl before me. She a thief!

"Certainly I do," I answered. "I never doubted your innocence for a moment."

She turned her face away, he lips trembled, and a sob that would not be surpressed showed me that she was nearly bursting into tears.

I was greatly distressed. Fortunately we were passing through one of the archways that in the Temple led from one court to another, so that no one could observe her emotion. I ventured to say a word or two to show my sympathy.

"It is the first time," she said when she could trust herself to speak; "the first time any one has believed me. Even Lady Pendruhyn, though she is so kind, seems to have a little doubt. Mr. Vane only pretends to think me innocent. But you speak as if you really believed it."

"I do; indeed I do."

We walked on in silence. In another minute we would be in the noise and bustle of the Strand. I could not bear to part from her without learning more.

"Would you mind taking a turn with me in the Gardens?" I asked. "We shall have quietness there, and I want to solve this mystery if I can. I want, in the first place, to know why you told me to ask Madame Barceau how long she had had the brooch."

She turned without speaking, and went down the steps on the wide green lawn, over which the chill October wind was blowing the yellow leaves.

In those days there was a bench sheltered from the wind by a rough wooden shed. There we sat down, and I said:

"You have spoken of Lady Pendruhyn. Who is she?"

"She is the lady I live with; I am her companion."

"Is she your nearest friend?"

"Yes; I am an orphan. My mother died when I was an infant, my father when I was about six years old. Then I lived with my aunt. She was my only relation, except a cousin, or rather a cousin of my father's who went to America before I was born. When my aunt died only two years ago, I tried to get a situation, and found one as companion to Lady Pendruhyn. She knew my mother when she was a girl; and she has been a kind friend to me."

"Now, as to this Madame Barceau. What do you know of her?"

"Hardly anything. We have been travelling about on the Continent all the summer, and we met Madame Barceau and her party on the Rhine as we were coming home. I didn't like her at all, for my part, but one of her party knew Lady Pendruhyn a little, so we got to know her. You know how people get thrown together when they are abroad. We met again at Paris, and crossed the channel and went to the Langham together. Lady Pendruhyn was not expected home so soon and her house was shut up."

"Did Madame Barceau's friends seem respectable?"

"Yes; vulgar certainly, but I couldn't say that they seemed at all disreputable. They appeared to be like rich tradespeople."

"Now tell me about this brooch. When did this so called Madame Barceau show it you first?"

"At Paris. We were all showing each other the trifles we had picked up, and she offered to show us her jewels. This brooch was the only valuable thing she had."

"Why did you wish to see it again? And why did you make me ask Madame Barceau how long she had had it?"

"Because I could not help thinking that that brooch once belonged to my mother."

"Ah!"

"Yes; papa was rich until a short time before his death. He was extravagant, I have heard, and I don't know how, exactly, he lost all he had. But he gave mamma a diamond brooch exactly like this on her wedding-day. It had a picture of mamma and one of himself in the back, and he used to open it and show it to me. I remember it very well, for I was too little to open it for myself. I thought that Madame Barceau's brooch was the same; it looked very like it, and it had a plate at the back that might hold a portrait. I tried to open it, but I could not. I had a great desire to try again, and that evening at the Langham was my last chance of seeing it, so I went into Madame Barceau's bedroom and asked to see it. I tried again, but I couldn't open it."

"Did you tell her why you wanted to look at it?"

"Yes, and somehow I thought she did not very much like my examining it; but this may have been a mere fancy."

"Then she locked it up, and so on—that's all true?"

"Yes—and the dressing-gown is mine."

I knew that she added that to save me the embarrassment of asking so fatal a question. It was indeed a fatal question. How could I get over it? There was one chance.

"Your maid, or Lady Pendruhyn's rather—or Madame Barceau's—could either of them have borrowed your dressing-gown?"

"No; I wore it that night."

"Have you an enemy, Miss Marchmont?—anyone who could have put the brooch into your trunk out of malice, to bring you into trouble?"

"No; I haven't an enemy in the world, so far as I know."

"Some one may have put it there to hide it. Where were your keys during the night?"

"Under my pillow. And I always lock my bed-room door when I am travelling."

"Did you do so that night?"

"I can't remember exactly, but I am pretty sure I did."

I groaned and put my head between my hands. I could not solve the problem. All my questioning brought no light to my mind.

"I can't understand how the brooch came there at all," I said, "unless you went and took it in your sleep."

"Do you think that possible?"

"I have heard of such things."

"Because I used to walk in my sleep when I was a little girl."

"Did you?" I exclaimed, starting up. "This may be the explanation after all. Your mind was fixed on the brooch; you longed to have an opportunity of examining it at your leisure. You were tired with your journey and in an excitable state. You went to bed thinking of the brooch. In your sleep you forgot that you had no business to take Madame Barceau's keys, open her jewel-case, and carry off her brooch without her permission. You knew that unless you did something of this sort you would not see it again. That was the thought in your mind, and your body carried out the wish of your mind without your knowing it. Why did you not mention it sooner?"

"I did crave my mind to speak of it, but I thought no one would believe such an explanation; I could not be sure of it myself. And, indeed, I have not been subject to somnambulism since I was quite a child."

"Do you know anyone who could prove that you were at one time a somnambulist?"

"Mrs. Evans, my old nurse, could; but I have lost sight of her for years."

"You must try to find her, and I will try to get a peep at that brooch. If it does indeed contain a picture, it will be so far a corroboration of your story, that if we could only get some evidence of your having walked in your sleep, I would have strong hopes of an acquittal."

"But even then, my character——"

"A verdict of acquittal will go a great way, and your own friends, your best friends, don't need even that."

"You give me fresh hope. How can I thank you?" she said. "To feel that one person believes in me so much, even if I were—if I were—. Would it be very dreadful if I were—were convicted? What would the sentence be, do you think?"

"It would be hard, but it would not be an unbearable thing. Many have suffered infinitely more; and I think twelve months would see the end of it. But you are not to think of that. I have hopes that you will not be called on to suffer it at all—good, strong hopes. You must try to find Mrs. Evans, and I will call and tell you if I succeed in finding out anything about the brooch. Will you give me your address? We have little enough time—only ten days now."

Our conference was over, and in a few minutes we had parted.

* * * * * *

Next morning I brought myself up for judgment. Had I really fallen in love with a girl who was as perfect a stranger to me as I was to her?

If I was not already in love I could not pretend to myself that I was very far from that happy but most imprudent state. I had to confess that I knew absolutely nothing about the girl beyond what I could read in her face.

Her tastes, habits, acquirements, were all unknown to me; and even supposing her to be as good and amiable as she was beautiful, what was her social position? Lady Pendruhyn's companion, or upper maid, one born a lady certainly, but entirely without either money or friends.

Now I could no more afford to marry than to purchase a principality. I had my ten years of waiting before my profession could prove remunerative to go through, and I had little enough to carry me alone through that ordeal.

As for binding another to my uncertain fortune, it would mean ruin, utter irretrievable ruin, for us both. No, I must do what I could to help her out of benevolence and love of justice; but any softer feeling must be sternly repressed.

Then, having settled that point, I fell to thinking of her face, and I saw clearly that the cause of its fascination was that it was not only beautiful, but had all the charm of a sweet disposition, and an open, candid mind.

It was this that had made me feel so sure from the moment I saw her that she was guiltless of this absurd charge. I could trust a look from her better than many a man's oath.

How warmly she thanked me for my interest in her; how dreadful she must have felt it to be falsely accused and distrusted by all her little world! And how quietly she had borne it all, with what self-possession and courage! She was, indeed, a jewel one might gladly spend life, and fortune, and all, to win.

Here I put on my hat and went out to find Arthur Deverill. This was a young man whom I had once been able to befriend. He was a working jeweller, a clever fellow at his trade, and one who, I knew, would be delighted to render me a service, and, if necessary, hold his tongue.

He would be able to tell me at once whether the diamond brooch held a picture concealed in it. I found him just leaving his work, and made an appointment for him to meet me at the police office next morning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A VARIETY OF FOOD.—Food is best when it contains a variety of constituents. Phosphates supply the growth and waste of the bones; organic matter rich in gluten, albumen, legumen, etc., are the flesh formers, and matter containing sugar, starch or oil, supply the carbon, or fat. The food, to be perfect, must contain all the elements necessary for the objects sought.

Scientific and Useful.

RAILWAYS.—The "regal red poppy" has recently been found to have the valuable power of binding with its roots the soil in which it grows in such a manner that it will prove most valuable in supporting embankments. Already French engineers have undertaken the sowing of railway-embankments with poppies.

HEMP.—Hemp can be easily grown in nearly all sections of this country, but the obstacle to its successful cultivation is the labor of preparing it for market. There is a wide field for inventive genius in devising appropriate machinery for specially treating hemp and other fibrous plants which demand more labor than can be profitably bestowed on them.

A SPIDER'S THREAD.—A bar of iron one inch in diameter will sustain a weight of twenty-eight tons; a bar of steel will sustain fifty-eight tons; and according to computation based upon the fact that a fibre only one four-thousandth of an inch in diameter will sustain fifty-four grains, a bar of a spider's silk an inch in diameter would support a weight of seventy-four tons.

TO REMOVE TAR, PITCH, OR TURPENTINE.—Scrape off as much as you can; then wet the place thoroughly with good salad oil, and let it remain for twenty-four hours. If linen or cotton, wash it out in strong warm soap-suds; if woolen or silk, take out the oil with ether or spirits of wine. If the stain is of tar, it may be removed, (after scraping and wiping,) by using cold tallow instead of salad oil. Rub and press well on the spot a small lump of good tallow, and leave it sticking there till next day; then proceed as above.

THE TELEPHONE.—The New York and New Jersey Telephone Company has about completed a slot-telephone machine, which will put the possessor of a nickel or some convenient piece of silver in communication with any part of the city. The superintendent of the company stated that the plan is a perfectly feasible one, and he thought it surprising that some one had not thought of it before. The machine will be put up at all the elevated stations and places of public resort. The prices and other directions will be indicated on the sounding board, so that the manipulator will not be at all at a loss how to proceed. As the coin goes through the aperture the central office will be rung up and connection made with the party wanted, as in ordinary cases.

Farm and Garden.

THE HORSE.—Never whip a horse for not doing what he cannot understand is wanted of him. Few horses willfully refuse to perform a service required. But they do not understand. Spend your energy in patiently making the animal understand instead of spending it in whipping him.

LIVING PLANTS.—The Japanese, in exporting living plants, wrap the roots in a mixture of earth and carrots ground together. As carrots retain moisture for a considerable time, and are slow to decompose, this hint is worth the notice of our horticulturists.

EGG TESTER.—This is an ingenious little instrument for testing the quality of eggs, so far as indicated by their transparency. It consists of a little cubical box divided diagonally by a mirror, and having one aperture above into which to put the egg, another in front through which the observer examines its transparency. If the egg gives a clear bright disc, it is good; if a black opaque one, it is bad.

THE FARM.—The farm may not supply the proper foods for feeding in the most economical manner, and it is therefore cheaper to buy certain foods than to depend entirely on that grown on the farm. In this connection it must not be overlooked that food brought on the farm is simply converted into something else more salable, and that the manure is valuable according to the quality of the food upon which the animals are fed.

KILLING AND PACKING POULTRY.—The necks of poultry should be broken, the birds picked while warm, and the body placed in a proper position to stiffen. They should be packed in wicker baskets in rows on stiff wheaten straw, and well covered with the same, so that it forms a layer between each row. There is often very much difference in the value of birds arriving at market, simply on account of insufficient care in packing; every precaution should be taken that the skin is not broken or bruised.

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Covetousness.

Modern society seems to have set aside, as hardly worth listening to, all warnings against covetousness; and a man, to be successful, is daily urged to be covetous.

He is covetous of fame, of place, of dignities and honors. He must do as other people do, and especially get on in life, absorbing as much money in the process as he can

A dozen fall on his right hand and a dozen on his left, but he must not care, but rush forward. He must profit by the misfortunes of his friends; nay, indeed, he must live on them.

"There is some moderation," says a quaint essayest, "in the Toupinambaltians, who eat no men but their enemies; whilst we learned and polite Christians devour our neighbors, our friends, our very relations in our greediness of gain."

Covetous persons are bad subjects for the essayist to declaim upon or against, for when a writer has mentioned their sin and folly, he has said almost all that he can; the rest will be mere word-spinning.

It is an unkindly crime, and against the generosity of Nature, damnable enough in its practice, and always hateful in its progress, but in the world at least successful to the end.

For if the covetous person is at the same time a cunning one, he will make much money, and to this money most men will bow down.

The consolation for the free and generous liver is this,—that the covetous fellow never attracts a friend that is worth knowing, and that his most intimate acquaintances indulge in the same sin that he does, cordially covet his goods, and wish him dead with all their hearts, so that his money and goods were in their possession.

And we may add to this the fact that covetousness is an endless sack, a fathomless well, a sieve which will not hold water, a tub with the bottom out.

It is a gradually progressive and absorbing folly; and having all things, you yet have none. If you are satisfied with your house, you can't help envying Jones his pictures; happy in your family, you look with a longing eye upon Brown's Alderney cow. Where will you end?

The last command of the Decalogue is the fullest, and with reason: "Thou shalt not covet."

And what a comprehensive list of goods it rehearses before it comes to that sharp steel snap which shuts up the whole commandment—"nor any thing that is his."

That one commandment includes the behests of all the others, and truly a covetous man breaks each of the ten in prosecution of this dirty, mean, contemptible and very common sin.

Very common, indeed! We wonder how many who read this will be free from it? None are quite so; we have to turn round and correct ourselves many a time and oft. We have chased again and again the devil Covetousness out of our door, and again and again he has flown in through the window.

The cure for this silly, miserable and contemptible sin—this sin which carries no satisfaction with it, which grows in indulgence, makes its possessor at once mean and miserable, and miserably mean—is contentedness,—good, honest Thankfulness, and Contentedness with what one has, the greatest of all blessings and the truest wisdom.

No man can have two stomachs, four hands, and twice the enjoyment of life, such as it is; therefore, materially a rich man cannot be happier than he who has enough.

We know that great places carry great duties and bring great cares; that rich men are generally eaten up in the mean anxieties of their place and meaner people who surround them; that health and a good conscience are the prime blessings, never to be purchased by covetousness, but to be retained only by the good; and that a thankful heart is not only pleasing to God, but that it kills covetousness, makes a little fortune into a great store, and blesses the owner, while it causes others to rejoice.

ALMOST any error in life may be remedied save an error in marriage. If a man make a mistake in one thing, he can rectify it by doing right about another; if one mine be unproductive, or one field barren, he can try for gold in some fresh direction—it is competent for him to turn up the sods of distant acres, and plant and reap there; but to find you have chosen wrongly in marriage, is as when a man discovers, just as his sun is close upon setting, that he has erred through life. There is no retracing either road, there is no getting rid either of the spent existence or of the lawful wife; the day is gone, the die cast, the decision made beyond recall; and unhappy indeed is he who finds he has taken the wrong turning.

MAN must have occupation or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite,—of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing. The whole world does not contain a briar or a thorn which Divine mercy could have spared. We are happier with the sterility, which we can overcome by industry, than we could have been with spontaneous plenty and unbounded profusion. The body and the mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them. The toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasures which it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar. No wealth can purchase them, no indolence can taste them. They flow only from the exertions which they repay.

You cannot escape from anxiety and labor; it is the destiny of humanity. You may avoid indeed, to a great extent, (some at least may,) taking part in the struggle of life, in the sharp and eager competition of an open profession, or the not less intense pursuit of some worthy object of study. But, by what seems to me a just and wholesome retribution, those who shirk from facing trouble find that trouble comes to them. The indolent may contrive that he shall have less than his share of the world's work to do; but Nature, proportioning the instinct to the work, contrives that that little shall only the more weary him.

THERE is nothing so abject as the worship of mere success, unless, indeed, it be the worship of mere wealth. There is nothing lower than to admire and flatter a man simply because he has got on, because he has carried his point, because he has come to be talked about in the way in which he wished to be talked about, and to think scorn of others whose merits and efforts may have been equal to his, or very likely much greater, but whose merits and efforts have, from some cause or other, not been so lucky as his in gaining the object at which they aimed.

REMEMBER that some of the brightest drops in the chalice of life may still remain for us in old age. The last draught which a kind Providence gives us to drink, though near the bottom of the cup, may, as it is said of the draught of the Roman of old, have at the bottom, instead of dregs, costly pearls.

HABITUALLY enthusiastic people are never so happy as when they are endeavoring to save you from yourself. It is, however, fortunate that the passion which prompts such persons is one of peculiar instability and caprice. Their ambition is to be doing, no matter what, so that the blood be exercised; and uninformed by principle, and without any special object in their ministry, they so divide their industry among the many as to render endurable the sufferings of each. A firm show of resistance soon banishes the tormentor, who does not feel any defeat or disappointment in being compelled to transfer his dispensations from Jack to Jonathan.

Do you remember the old story of a young man who stood with bent head on the verge of a large piece of ground which he had to cultivate? He was discouraged and murmured: "I can never do it; it is too extensive." "My son," said his father," "you need not plow to-day all this field. Do you see that little corner marked by a slight ridge? That is your day's work; only occupy yourself with that now." Let us apply these wise words to the hours which divide our day, and which are so many distinct portions of land that we have to plough and sow, and purchase heaven with their harvest.

ENJOY the littles of every day. The great favors of fortune come to but few, and those who have them tell us that the quiet, homely joys, which are within the reach of us all, are infinitely the best Then let us rejoice: cast them away, but treasure them as a sunbeam, and get all the light and warmth from it that the blessing holds.

THE great object of society is refreshment of spirit. This is not to be obtained by luxury or by the cankerous habit of speaking against others, but by a bright and easy interchange of ideas on subjects which, even in their lightest and most playful aspects, are worthy to engage the thoughts of men.

IT is almost impossible to kill a man by honest hard work, but you can worry him to death in a very short time. It is the nervous, not the muscular system, that gives out. Some people sing at their work and live long; others fret at their work and soon wear out. One song is better than many tears.

IN proportion as men develope their moral nature, everything else will assume its proper proportions. The highest duties, the most vital truths, the deepest principles of action will occupy the foreground, and minor interests and lesser duties will fall gracefully into their proper positions.

IT is one thing to moralize, another thing to act. There are men who can utter the most refined and elevated sentiments, and at the same time be guilty of crimes of the deepest dye. These are the most dangerous of mankind.

A KIND HEARTED man finds life full of joys, for he makes joys of things which else were not joys; and a simple hearted man can be very joyous on a little joy; and to the pure-hearted man all things are joys.

REMEMBER that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions let peace be rather your object than triumph; value triumph only as the means of peace.

NEVER ask a favor. It is better to suffer than to supplicate; and asking a favor, even from your dearest friend, or your nearest relative, is only a mild form of supplication.

To recognise the seeds of virtue in the hearts of others, and to aid in their development, is one of the noblest objects in human life.

THERE are men, who by long consulting only their own inclination, have forgotten that others have a claim to the same deference.

IF you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to that which it teaches.

VANITY keeps persons in favor with themselves who are out of favor with all others.

The World's Happenings.

It is estimated that 500 organ grinders are lying idle in New York on account of the order forbidding curbstone music.

A Rochester lady mourns a Maltese kitten, which fell overboard into Lake Keuka, N. Y., and was instantly bolted by a pike.

The King of Siam is a magnificent object in state attire. He glistens from head to foot with jewels worth more than $1,000,000.

The estate of Oliver Garrison, a New York man who committed suicide in St. Louis, consists of $25,981.95 in personal property.

A Madison, Me., man, getting caught in a bear trap lately, was held a prisoner until released by persons attracted to the spot by his cries.

Austin Steers, an inmate of the Soldiers' Home, at Chelsea, Mass., has fallen heir to $33,000 by the death of a relative in Rhode Island.

South African farmers are greatly annoyed by baboons. The animals kill their sheep, rob their beehives and tear down fruit trees.

Queen Victoria uses two dozen pairs of gloves each year. They cost 3s. 6d. per pair. They are black, with four buttons, and the size is 7½.

A company interested in the propagation of the buffalo has secured a large tract of land in Utah, where a herd of bison will soon be domiciled.

At Cincinnati a wild steer, in attempting to butt an electric car off the track, smashed the headlight and drove his horns through the platform.

A feminine resident of Caribou, Me., harvested 40 acres of grain this season without any help from the masculine sex. She used a machine reaper.

The report of the Coroner of St. Louis shows that during the last year 21 persons were crushed to death in that city by street cars—mostly the "bob-tails."

A Hot Spring in Bramwell, W. Va., is only fifteen feet distant from a spring whose water is almost ice cold. Both springs have only recently been discovered.

Burglars have been very bold at Schuylkill Haven, this State, and the other night they ransacked a house where three men were sleeping with guns at their bedside.

An undertaker in Lima, Ohio, bet "the finest coffin money can get, and the cost of an elaborate funeral," on the recent election. The bet is to be paid when the winner dies.

A man in Simer county, Cal., who killed a neighbor's steer to save his own family from starving, declined counsel, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to one year in the State prison.

A partridge, attracted by the light in a hotel at Binghamton, Conn., flew against the window with such force that its head was driven through the thick plate glass. The bird's head was crushed by the blow.

Numerous methods of cheating the automatic weighing machines have been devised, but it remains for New Haven lads to think of attaching a string to the nickel with which, after obtaining their weight, to withdraw the coin.

While removing an old straw stack near Curtis, Nebraska, there was found a hen which had been imprisoned under the pile for several months. A half dozen chicks in the nest were dead, but the hen lived 24 hours after being restored to light and liberty.

It is told that in a late divorce trial in Maine, at the moment when the judge was decreeing the divorce, the clerk held in his hand a telegram from the wife, asking to be informed when her husband obtained his divorce, as she and another man were to be married as soon as it could be legally done.

John Peyton, of Maine, was apparently as healthy a man as there was in the State. He was sitting in a chair when a friend came up, spoke to him and slapped him familiarly on the shoulder. He died instantly. The autopsy showed no evidences of heart failure or apoplexy, and the cause of his death is a mystery.

A sign that is attracting hundreds of people to where it hangs, on a carpenter shop, in Paterson, N. J., reads: "Coffins made and repaired. Extra strong ones for country people." The old man who owns the establishment has his own coffin on hand. It is made of pine wood and is covered with a neat pattern of wall paper.

A Maine contemporary tells of a merchant in Augusta who examines every package left in his store, whether he has any business to or not. The other day an acquaintance, knowing this failing, left a paper bag of hornets in the merchant's store, to be "kept safely until called for." The merchant explored as usual, with results that may easily be guessed.

About five hundred people gathered around a hole at Bridgeport, Conn., into which a horse had fallen, head first, a few days ago. His body filled the hole so closely that it was impossible to attach a rope, and his rescue seemed doubtful until some one suggested throwing back the gravel into the hole. As it gathered about the animal's feet he rose higher and higher, until he gained the level of the roadway.

A Michigan newspaper relates that Truman Barnes, of Three Oaks, while in the attic of his house "unbeknownst" to his wife, slipped and fell through the plastering, so that his legs "hung dangling down." Mrs. Barnes thought the legs belonged to a burglar and she grabbed them and held on, meantime shouting for help. The neighbors came in, looked at the upstairs half of the supposed burglar, and quieted Mrs. Barnes.

An audacious tramp had an experience in Rutland, Vt., that he will not soon forget. Just at dusk he called at a residence and rang the door bell, and the man of the house answered it. The rushed rudely by him into the hallway and demanded supper. The man of the house replied: "You are welcome. You have come to just the right place. How did you happen to hit it so well? I am High Sheriff of the county and took two of your friends over only yesterday. Just wait." The next moment the man had vanished, and, looking down the street, the Sheriff saw him running at a race-horse gait.

ADRIFT.

Only some withered blossoms,
Crumbling to dry decay;
Only a glove half torn in two,
And idly thrown away.

Only a heart that's breaking—
That is if hearts can break—
Only a man adrift for life,
All for a woman's sake!

Finished for ever and done,
Wrecked by a treacherous smile;
Following madly a will-o'-the-wisp,
Happy, if but for a while.

Only a heart that's broken—
That is if hearts can break—
Only a man adrift for life,
All for a woman's sake!

A Great Event.

BY FAYE MADOC.

MY wife and I were a very happy couple. We loved each other, and we had two children, who were as pretty and healthy and nice-mannered as parents could wish.

We were also rich, and when one has love and wealth, not counterbalanced by bad health or bad temper, one has pretty nearly everything that can render life delightful. We had, indeed, only one subject of complaint; sometimes we found existence a trifle monotonous.

"I think," my wife would say, yawning; "I really do think life is too uneventful. It is quite stupidly flat. Why doesn't something interesting happen?"

"Well, what should you like?" I would rejoin. "Shall I hire an assassin to stab me at the opera? or a gypsy to steal the children? or——"

"Nonsense!" cried she, laying her pretty hand on my lips. "Of course I don't mean anything fearful and hideous like murder and kidnapping. I don't know what I mean; anything would do, so long as it was exciting and unusual."

This, however, was the only thing in which I couldn't gratify her, for one can't buy unusual events by the ounce, or keep them bottled in one's cellar. So I tried to assuage her longing with philosophy.

"We are both young," I said, "who knows what may happen before we keep our golden wedding? We must wait patiently."

"Wait!" exclaimed my wife. "Yes, the end of the world is coming, but we shan't live to see it."

Time, however, proved that I was right. One day she received the following letter from her only brother, in Australia:

"My dear Lucy: I have just nursed back to life, after a long and dangerous brain-fever, my great friend, George Stormont; and as the doctors concur in saying a sea-voyage is the best thing for him, I mean to put him on board the 'Mount Vernon,' on the 29th, and ship him off to England. His only relation, a married sister, lives in Scotland, so I am desiring him to go straight to you, as I am sure you will be willing to put him up for a short time till he is equal to a long railroad journey, and I feel confident you and Frank will pay him all the attention you can for my sake.

"If he recovers on the voyage you will find him sociable and agreeable and up to everything; but the doctors tell me he may not be quite himself for some months, and if so you will see him as he is now—a silent individual, rather eccentric, preferring solitude, and always mooning about the place and wandering into rooms where he has no business. But one must excuse the vagaries of an invalid, and I trust that you and Frank will bear with him, as I said before, for my sake.

"No more now, as I am busy with my usual avocations, and extra busy looking after Stormont.

"With much love to you all,

"Ever your affectionate brother,

"EDGAR ARROWSMITH."

"P. S.—Stormont will arrive a fortnight after this letter."

He came, however, that evening. We were astonished, but we hastened to welcome him, and found him in the study—a small, spare man, with a short dark beard, and cropped black hair. He rose slowly from the easy chair in which he was seated, and looked at us foolishly.

"We are very glad to see you, Mr. Stormont," said I, taking his hand. "How are you? Better, I hope."

"Not much," said he in a wearied tone, and putting his hand to his head.

"Country air will soon set you up," said I. "How did you leave Edgar?"

"Edgar wrote you were coming with the 'Mount Vernon;' but surely she isn't in yet?" remarked Lucy.

"I got off earlier than I had dared to hope," said Stormont. "In the 'Monte Rosa' there was a berth, and it was thought better I should not delay."

"That was the mail that brought Edgar's letter?" said Lucy.

"Yes," said Stormont.

After that he relapsed into silence, and we could only extract monosyllable answers from him. We saw that he was fatigued, and I presently showed him to his rooms—two apartments on the ground floor, which Lucy's thoughtfulness had provided.

"My wife fancied you might like to be saved the stairs," I said.

He thanked me warmly.

"It was very kind of Lady Dennis," he said. "I sleep badly, and often take a walk in the early morning, so this will suit me exactly, as I shall be able to leave the house without disturbing any one."

"Take care none of my servants mistake you for a burglar," said I, laughing.

"Oh, they won't do that," he returned, with a smile.

So I left him, and as he was very quiet and taciturn, and his brain evidently still extremely weak, Lucy and I found that his presence made very little difference to us.

"Don't mind me," he said, the next day. "I feel exhausted, and conversation tires me. But I am not ill, and you will please me best and serve me most if you will let me go my own way and not concern yourselves about me."

So we left him to follow his own devices, and as he preferred to have his meals in his own room we saw very little of him.

"It's too bad," Lucy said to me. "I did think Mr Stormont would have been an exciting element. I hoped we should have had the house crowded with nurses and brain specialists, and that perhaps he would have gone suddenly mad, and you would have restrained him in some heroic manner. Instead of which he is as humdrum as possible. At least, he might have gone a little crazy."

"Well, he may yet," said I. "He has only been here a week to-day."

That evening Johnson demanded an interview of me.

"Well, Johnson?" I said to this old and faithful domestic.

"I'm not easy about Mr. Stormont, Sir Francis," said Johnson, carefully looking over his shoulder, though he had so carefully closed the door behind him when he entered.

"What is the matter with Mr. Stormont?" I inquired.

"He's an uncommonly queer gentleman, Sir Francis," replied Johnson. "Several nights I've found him wandering about my pantry, and yesterday he frightened Mrs. Rowe out of her wits by coming in when she and me was holding a confidential communication in the housekeeper's room. Mrs. Rowe's heart is weak, Sir Francis."

I couldn't help smiling, for it was no secret where the weakness in Mrs. Rowe's heart tended.

"What explanation did Mr. Stormont offer?" I asked.

"None, Sir Francis," said Johnson. "He put his hand to his head and looked bewildered, and then went off. He's been caught upstairs by the girls just the same, and Jane met him at your dressing-room door. And it makes it worse because he walks so soft. We ain't none of us angry with the poor gentleman, Sir Francis, but we think he's stark mad, and there will be murder, if he ain't looked sharp after."

"I hope not, Johnson," I said. "This is just what Mr. Arrowsmith prepared us for; his words were: 'He goes mooning about the place, and wandering into rooms where he has no business.' I can't turn my brother-in-law's friend out of my house because he's odd."

"I hope nothing may come of it, Sir Francis," said Johnson solemnly.

"I trust not," said I. "Mr. Stormont will go soon. Meantime, don't let any one frighten her ladyship. There is nothing murderous in a tendency to poke into strange places."

Nevertheless, I felt somehow uneasy, and watched my guest narrowly. But there was nothing in his demeanor to warrant my apprehensions, and I presently forgot Johnson's revelations, and ceased to lie awake at night listening for screams of murder.

Stormont had been with us a fortnight when we went to a ball at the Duke of Bengal's. Lucy donned her diamonds, and I thought she looked very beautiful in them, and told her so.

I was just kissing her when we suddenly found that Stormont was in the room. Lucy blushed prettily at being caught in her husband's arms, and I daresay I grew hot.

"We are going to a ball," I stammered. "I was just telling my wife her diamonds became her."

"So I heard," said Stormont. "May I look at your diamonds, Lady Dennis?"

He approached and gazed admiringly at her necklace and earrings.

"Beautiful!" he said, several times. "Diamonds of the first water! I know something about diamonds; my great uncle was a diamond merchant."

"If you were going with us, you would see far finer diamonds than mine," said Lucy. "The duchess has diamonds that are absolutely priceless, and such a quantity! She has them sewn on to her dress, and two detectives always close to her."

"I wonder she dares walk about in such precious things," observed Stormont. "At large parties it is impossible to say what bad characters may not slip in."

"Well, as a matter of fact, she doesn't walk about," said Lucy. "A few years ago she hurt her spine out hunting, and she is always on the sofa."

"Wouldn't you like to come with us, my dear fellow?" said I.

"Thank you, I think not," he replied, plaintively; "I should like it, but I fear the noise and heat would hurt my head. Thank you, Lady Dennis, for letting me see your treasures. I hope you keep them carefully?"

"Oh, yes! Frank keeps them in his strong box, and when we travel they go to the bank," she replied. "Frank will look them up to-morrow as safe as an iron church."

"To-morrow!—not till to-morrow?" exclaimed Stormont in a horrified voice.

"No," said she; "why should he tire himself? Nobody could take them out of our room."

At this moment the carriage was announced, and I carried Lucy off. It was a good ball, and the duchess lay in state, covered with superb diamonds, and watched by two acute and intelligent functionaries.

In the course of the evening a gentlemanlike stranger, with a long fair beard and rather long fair hair addressed me and asked if I could point out Sir Francis Dennis. I told him that I was the gentleman in question, and he bowed very courteously.

"You will excuse the liberty I took," he said; "but I believe my old friend, George Stormont, is staying with you. I only heard of his whereabouts to-day, and at cockcrow I start for the Continent, or I should have called to see him. Perhaps you will say that you met Colonel L'Estrange."

I was pleased with the colonel's manner, and we entered into conversation, and after a time he begged me to present him to the duchess.

This I did willingly, knowing that the poor duchess' chief pleasure lay in talking with agreeable people, and after that I lost sight of him.

It was late when we left, and on reaching home we found Stormont walking in the drive, smoking. He followed the carriage quickly and helped Lucy to alight, and we stood talking in the hall for a few minutes.

"And the duchess and her diamonds?" inquired Stormont presently.

"The duchess and her diamonds were all there," said I. "By the way, Stormont, I met a friend of yours, a Colonel L'Estrange, and I introduced him to the duchess, who, I understand, was charmed with him."

"He is a very nice fellow," said Stormont; "quite a ladies' man. I wonder what he was doing here? However, I mustn't keep you, Lady Dennis; you must be very tired."

We went upstairs, and, as usual, Lucy's diamonds were left on her dressing-table. We had done this so repeatedly that it never occurred to us to do differently, notwithstanding the astonishment Stormont had expressed. But we committed the indiscretion once too often. The next morning Lucy's exquisite diamonds had disappeared.

An unusual event had happened at last, but it was too serious for joking. Lucy was too miserable to get up, and at last I left her to her maid, and went down to breakfast alone, pondering what steps I should take.

I had hardly poured out my coffee when Stormont came in. He held an open letter in his hand, and seemed quite alert and cheerful.

"Good morning," he began eagerly. "I've heard from my sister. She is in London; has come up on purpose to meet me and wants me to join her to-day."

"Indeed," said I absently. "Your sister—Mrs. Macdonald—in town—oh!"

Stormont looked at me, surprised.

"Anything the matter?" he said. "Lady Dennis not well?"

"Well, yes, something is the matter," said I. "Something decidedly disagreeable has happened. My wife's diamonds have been stolen."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Stormont, excitedly.

He was so taken aback that he literally fell into a chair and sat there staring at me.

"Those diamonds?" he said at last. "Those splendid diamonds? I have no words. Did you lock them up?"

"No," I replied, "I've been a confounded fool. But the diamonds were close to us and we don't sleep heavily."

"Whom do you suspect?" asked Stormont.

"No one," I said. "All my servants have been with me so long. Some one must have been secreted in the house."

"And what are you going to do?" he asked. "Can I do anything in town? I must go up by the 3.15."

We discussed the subject all the morning, and Stormont's indignant interest was very consolatory, and when Lucy appeared, she was greatly cheered by his sympathy and hopefulness. He was certain that the rogues would be taken and the diamonds recovered.

"You are very sanguine," said she. "You seem quite well to-day, Mr. Stormont."

"I feel much better," he replied. "Joy is a fine doctor; and the expectation of seeing my sister has made another man of me. Then this atrocious burglary excites me to a pitch I can't describe. Lady Dennis, you must recover your diamonds. I shall run down on Saturday to hear the news. A talk will be so much more satisfactory than letters."

I drove Stormont to the station. By his advice I had not called in the local police, but telegraphed to London for a detective, and I should meet him by a train which would arrive soon after the 3.15 departed.

"By the way," said Stormont, as we stood waiting on the platform, "about Colonel L'Estrange—what did he look like?"

"About your height," I said. "Thin and fair, with a long beard and longish hair—not military-looking at all."

A very peculiar expression came over Stormont's face and he whistled softly.

"My dear fellow," he said, "that's your burglar! How these rascals get to know things passes my comprehension, but somehow they do. I have a friend—a Colonel L'Estrange—but he is stout and extremely dark, and wears a moustache only. Depend upon it, that fellow hoaxed you. I wonder he didn't pay his attention to the duchess's diamonds also."

So he had. A gentleman came up at that moment, and after shaking hands said excitedly:

"Heard the news, Dennis?"

"Only my own, Shaw," I replied dismally. "My wife's diamonds have been stolen."

"By Jove!" cried Shaw. "And the duchess lost twenty of her finest diamonds last night—cut off her dress—while the detectives stood by."

We told him about L'Estrange, and he listened with interest.

"We think it is a celebrated burglar of the name of Paxton, alias Grubb," he said, lowering his voice. "That's what the police think. They say no other man could have done it."

"I thought Paxton was safely out of the way," said Stormont. "Surely I remember hearing of him when I was a lad. Wasn't he concerned in the great diamond-robbery at Gray Towers in '69?"

"He was," replied Shaw, "but he's on the loose again now, and the police have been watching him. Two weeks ago Mrs. Howard lost her dressing-bag, with $10 000 worth of jewels in it. Paxton was suspected and traced to Canterbury, then gave his pursuers the slip and completely disappeared."

"He has probably been lying quietly in the neighborhood," said Stormont, as the train came up. "Dennis, write to me at Morley's if I can help you in the least. Good-bye, till Saturday. Thank you beyond words for all your kindness."

That evening as we sat at dinner, Mr. Stormont was announced. I rushed out. But the Stormont who stood before me,

with Edgar Arrowsmith's letter in his hand, was not the man who had gone to town that afternoon. In a moment I realized the truth. Stormont the First was Paxton the burglar!

Certainly a very uncommon thing had happened at last, and when Paxton was caught it all came out; how he had robbed Mrs. Howard, and, hiding in my grounds, had heard Lucy read her brother's letter aloud; how, as Colonel L'Estrange, under cover of my introduction, he had robbed the duchess; how, as he stood on the platform talking of the burglary, the duchess's diamonds and Lucy's were actually on his person!

There was no doubt that Paxton had been superlatively clever, and in my admiration for his talents and my sorrow that they were put to such ill uses, I forgave his chuckling over his delight at having "gammoned that fool, Sir Francis."

My dear wife never sighs for extraordinary events now; we both think we have had enough of them. We are as happy as ever, for burglars cannot take away love and children, and good health and sweet temper.

But we are happy minus the diamonds, for Paxton got them abroad before he was caught. I wanted to give Lucy some more, but she wouldn't let me.

"I couldn't bear the responsibility again," she said. 'Give them, by-and-by, to Baby's wife."

As for the duke, he never wearies of chaffing me, and calling me Colonel L'Estrange's confederate.

In a Storm.

BY O. H. S.

"THERE'S a letter for a fellow to get!" and down came the offending missive on the table, while the recipient walked up and down like a caged lion in a rage.

Scene: an apartment in chambers in London, said apartment containing a ready-packed portmanteau and a gun-case, indicating the departure of one of the two young men present. It wasn't Jack Babcoby, for he had all the air of being a fixture; more likely it was the tall, good-looking fellow, who was fastening up the ulster he had just put on.

"What's the matter with the letter?" asked Jack, scarcely removing his cigar.

"Read it and see. What do I care for compacts! I thought all that bosh was done with. And an heiress forsooth! I hate heiresses!"

"I can't read while you're chattering like an incensed parrot!" said Jack, looking at his impetuous friend.

"Oh, I beg your pardon."

A minute's silence, and Jack laid down the letter.

"Well?" said Leslie Vernham.

"You are going?"

"I haven't a choice, have I? But to send me that letter when I'm on the eve of starting for Ballynuin, which is thirty miles from my uncle's place! I shall have to alter my whole route as soon as I get to Dublin. And all about a confounded little girl with a turned-up nose!"

"Does your uncle's letter say that? I didn't notice a description of the young lady."

"Don't be aggravating, Jack. Can't you see what a fix I'm in? Here's my uncle done everything for me, brought me up, been kindness itself, and I've got to do battle with him."

"Why? You haven't anything but what he allows you—you won't have a penny if he chooses to leave it away. You haven't even seen the girl, and yet you put yourself in this fume. Romance is out of place in a man without means."

"Confound it, Jack, what's come over you?" asked Vernham, in supreme astonishment. "Do you call it romance to think a little bit of love is necessary for the woman one marries?"

"I can't see why you shouldn't fall in love with Miss O'Hara."

"What a cold-blooded fellow you are! I can't fall in love to order like that!"

"Don't fall in love, then—only marry her."

"I wouldn't marry a woman to order if I were dying for love of her!" declared Leslie Vernham, deliberately. "My uncle treats it as a settled thing. I shall not be introduced to Miss O'Hara. I'll see another deluge before I give in. I shall go to the MacNamaras as I settled. I won't miss my shooting for all the heiresses born. Thank heaven there are no women at Ballynuin House save Mrs. MacNamara and the maids, and one can't be expected to marry one of them."

Jack roared. Vernham, after an attempt to preserve the dignity of righteous anger, laughed too.

"Does your uncle want you to break your shooting engagement?" said Jack, when both were calmer.

"Yes, just to meet this odious Irish heiress."

"H'm! your own mother was Irish."

"I wasn't applying the adjective to her nationality, but to her heiressship," said Vernham. "I shall go and see my uncle, tell him I won't marry at all until I choose, and then go on to Ballynuin. It's the most awkward fix. I shall have to send my luggage on from Dublin to Ballynuin. I'm not going to be bothered with it. I suppose my uncle will let me have a horse to ride to Ballynuin, and if he's too angry I shall take one. Here, Jim," he flung open the door, and the landlady's son appeared, "call a hansom, and put these things in. Good bye, Jack. I don't know when I shall be back—in about a month, I daresay."

Off he went, in harum-scarum fashion, and at night was pacing the deck of the steamer while she tossed in St. George's Channel.

Mr. Fitzgerald lived in a sparsely-inhabited district, in a big, old rambling house. The railroad was ten miles off, and a jaunting car was the only conveyance to be got at the station.

Of this the young English nephew of the Irish landowner had availed himself, and arrived late at night at the Fitzgerald mansion.

The old gentleman had retired, and Leslie's welcome came from an ancient domestic, and all the dogs.

The servant talked with a brogue that no one who was not part Irish could have translated word for word.

"Master won't be down till luncheon to-morrow, sir," said the retainer.

"Not till luncheon. I wasn't to get on to Ballynuin," said Vernham. "Isn't he well?"

"I don't know, sir."

"I don't believe he is unwell," muttered Leslie, when alone. "Uncle Hugh has served me tricks like that before, when he thought to conquer me."

The consequence of the trick—if trick it were—was that he met his uncle prepared to give no quarter. Both had Irish combativeness largely developed—naturally they came to a fight.

Mr. Fitzgerald, who had old-fashioned notions of the duty of submission from the young, called his nephew an obstinate, ungrateful Saxon.

Vernham fired up at this, and barely maintained decent respect. It was the biggest battle they had ever had. The others had somehow been smoothed over by the real affection between the two. This looked as if no amount of affection or anything else could take out the creases.

"Once for all, sir, will you obey me?" demanded the uncle, thumping the table like a hammer.

"Once for all, No!" answered the nephew. "I am not a slave—yours, nor any man's. You can do what you like in the matter!"

"You are going to MacNamara's!"

"Yes, I am."

"Very well, and don't come back here till you are ready to obey me."

"Then I'll say good-bye for ever!" retorted the young man, all the more angry because he was grieved.

Out he went, snuffing the door behind him with a bang that woke every echo in the house. The groom found him the best horse in the stable, and got wine and food, and put them in a small saddle-bag, notwithstanding Vernham's remonstrance.

"I won't touch it," he said.

"Nonsense, sir; you needn't be too proud. It'll be a black night, Mr. Leslie, and you oughtn't to begin a thirty-mile ride. There isn't a pigstye even on the road. It's a wild country, too—ugly roads, and up mountains."

"I should go if it were up the Himalayas," said Vernham, the force of the speech being quite lost on the groom.

He thanked the man very cordially, mounted Hermit, and rode on.

Yes, it was a wild country, with roads so bad that he could not go fast. Then it came on to rain, and, being a hilly district, the rain was half mist. By-and-by that changed to a downpour.

Vernham rode on doggedly. When people are thoroughly angry, hardship and discomfort, and general disagreeables are positively embraced. He would have been indignant if the moon had come out.

Presently Hermit began to shy.

"What's up, old fellow?" said the rider, soothingly.

Hermit was a horse without any ugly tricks, so the young man looked about to see what caused the vagary.

It was quite evening, and on one side rose up a hill that towered above him, and on the other was a series of dreary fields of sodden grass.

Under the hill there were a few trees, getting rather leafless, and Vernham's keen sight saw something beneath one of those trees. He couldn't be quite sure, so he pulled up, and called. There was no answer; not a sound.

He threw himself to the ground.

"Wait a minute, Hermit," he said, and strode towards the tree.

Something started up out of the gloom, something with floating bright hair and a white face, and great, terrified eyes. Was it a child—a woman—a banshee?

Vernham fell back a step.

"By all the saints!" he broke out. "What are you?"

Whatever it was, it put up two pretty white hands, and sobbed.

That decided Vernham that the creature must be human. Besides, there was a jewelled ring on one of the hands, and ghosts don't wear gems. He took down the little hands very gently.

"Hush!" he said. "Don't be frightened of me. I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head, if I could win heaven by it."

The girl—she was not a child—lifted a pair of those lovely Irish gray eyes that seem to go to one's heart at once. A man with an ounce of evil could not have borne the look she gave this young Englishman.

"I am not afraid of you at all," she said, simply.

She had the touch of brogue so dear to him because his mother had had it; perhaps he had just a suspicion of it himself now and then.

"Thank you," he said, as simply as she. "Tell me what I can do for you. Have you lost your way?"

"No. I couldn't get on in this storm. Is there any shelter near?"

"Not a shed even. You are wet," laying his hand on the arm of her rough cloth jacket.

She was dressed like a lady, though plainly. She was evidently a lady from her speech and face.

"Where do you come from?" he asked, tenderly.

"I would rather not say," said the girl, reservedly.

"I beg your pardon, I did not ask from curiosity. May I know where you are going?"

She hesitated.

"I don't think you are asking from curiosity," she said, "but if I can't get on, it's not much use for you to know."

"You can't expect me to leave you here—a young girl—alone at this hour, in this desolate place," said Vernham. "I will tell you where I am going, and you need only say whether that will suit you or not. Ballyhuin is my goal."

She turned her face a little aside.

"That direction would suit me," she said.

"Will you come with me, then? You cannot stay here; there is no shelter, and it is hardly safe."

"There is not a soul to harm me," she said. "You are a stranger, perhaps?"—this a little questioningly.

"No, I am not. I was partly brought up in this district. I am half Irish, if that is any passport to your confidence; the rest of me is English; but both parts are entirely and cheerfully at your service. I shall ask no questions—if you are running away that is none of my business. If you don't mind a seat on my horse I think I can shelter you a little from the storm—it isn't fit for a delicate thing like you!"

She flushed, and shrank back a little.

"You are very, very kind," she said, with quick tears in her eyes, "but I couldn't trouble you so!"

"I shall think you don't trust me," said Vernham.

"Oh, but I do!" exclaimed the girl, earnestly. "Please don't think that. I will come. It is very good of you."

It was Vernham's turn to flush now.

"No, not at all!" he said. "A man is bound to help a woman."

He took her hand, and led her to where Hermit stood waiting patiently.

The girl stood as patiently while her knight mounted—a slip of a girl she was, he thought, as he bent down and swung her up before him.

She had not noticed that while he was talking to her he had divested himself of his ulster, and now began to wrap it around her.

"What are you doing?" she said, and protested that she had a thick jacket—that she wouldn't hear of it.

Vernham only smiled.

"I was called an obstinate Saxon to-day," he said, and was surprised to find that his anger was all gone. "I must carry out my character."

She had to submit, with a grateful look that set his chivalry on the qui vive; she took it as a matter of course when he passed his arm round her to keep her safe, and said "Thank you!" with another of those frank, innocent looks.

It was small wonder if he wished a dragon or anything dreadful would appear, so that he might defend her.

They went on for some miles; then the rain became so blinding and the road so full of pitfalls that Hermit stumbled once or twice, and Vernham drew rein.

"I think we ought to dismount," he said. "We can get a bit of shelter under the hill there—do you see where a plateau above projects?"

"Yes," she said, "but don't you think Hermit could get on better without me?"

"No, you are a feather-weight," he said, lifting her down, ulster and all.

They went under the hill, where they found a tree-stump that was tolerably dry. The girl sat down, and Vernham, opening his saddle-bag, took from it the flask of wine and biscuits the groom had insisted on his taking.

He was glad of them now—but he wasn't going to touch them himself. He brought them to his companion, and sat down by her.

"I don't know how long ago you ran away," he said, without thinking.

"You've made up your mind, then?" she asked, looking at him quizzically.

"Well, to tell you the truth," said Vernham, "I think you have run away, but of course you are right. Let me give you some wine."

"But you are giving me all those biscuits," she said. "Are you not hungry?"

"I believe I am, but I want nothing, thanks."

"Why not? You are not leaving them for me? What a dreadful appetite you credit me with having! You must have some, or I shall believe you are an obstinate Saxon."

"The fact is," said Vernham, abruptly, "that food came from my uncle's house, and he and I have quarrelled—he almost turned me out—so I won't touch his bread!"

She held out the cup of the flask for more wine. Vernham filled it, while she said, with her eyes fixed on his face:

"I am sorry you quarrelled. Can't you make it up?"

"No, not unless he does. He insisted on my marrying a girl I have never seen, and I won't."

Nothing makes people so familiar as difficulty shared together.

The girl said:

"Isn't she nice, or——"

"I don't know. Do I care for anyone else—no!"

Then it flashed across him, was that true?

"Won't you take the wine? I don't know what to call you."

"My name is Dulcie."

"But I can't call you Dulcie."

"Oh, yes, you can! The wine is for you," she said, holding it out.

It was tempting from her hand—so would poison have been; he would have drunk that, but not his uncle's wine.

"I am afraid you are still angry," said Dulcie, severely.

"No, I am not; but——"

"A little pride?"

"There is a pride one can't give up without loss of self-respect," said Vernham.

"I quite agree. But I really can't eat alone like a greedy child."

"I wouldn't inconvenience you for the world," said Vernham. "I suppose I must smother my pride!"

"I would if I were you," said Dulcie.

He drank the wine, and found it did not choke him; but then he had taken it from Dulcie's hand, and shared the biscuits with her and Hermit.

"This is quite a supper," he said. "Dulcie—you see I can get out the name—by-the-by, I ought to tell you mine—it is Leslie Vernham. "Well, I was going to ask, are you warm?"

"Not very; you must be cold."

"That won't hurt me," he said, smiling at her pitying look. "I wish we could get on for your sake."

"That's very good of you. I hope you won't get into trouble on my account," said Dulcie. "I have run away, you know."

"I was sure of that. But wasn't it rather a mad thing to do?" asked Vernham, as if there might have been a doubt.

"I suppose it was; but I am not going back," said the girl, defiantly.

"You are going to friends? Oh, forgive me, I promised I would ask no questions. Still, a girl like you, gently nurtured—they must have been very cruel to you," said Vernham, not giving "they" the slightest benefit of a doubt. "How could they be—to you!"

"Oh, everyone isn't as kind as you are," said the girl. "I just ran off as I am, and took the train as far as I could. I hadn't any more money, so I thought I would walk."

"Walk!" exclaimed Vernham. "Did you know how far it was?"

"Yes; nearly twenty miles from the town where I left the train; but that wouldn't have taken me two days—I'm a good walker."

"So I see. But, my poor lassie, weren't you afraid of the darkness and lonely country?"

"I wanted to get away; I didn't think of anything else. I wasn't afraid till I heard your horse's hoofs. I couldn't tell who were."

"You looked scared enough," said Vernham. "I shall always be grateful for your trust."

"It isn't anything to be grateful for. Do you know they were going to lock me up at home?"

This would have seemed highly improbable to most people of common sense, but this wide-awake denizen of London put perfect faith in it, and was very indignant.

"Why should they do such a thing?" he exclaimed. "I said you must be right to run away."

"A horrid wretch from London," said Dulcie, with a little color flushing her cheek; "they said I was to marry him."

"We are not in the Dark Ages," said Vernham, with unnecessary fierceness. "I am glad you ran away, Dulcie. I will help you to the utmost I can. My hand on it."

She put hers in his trustfully. The soft fingers touching his made his heart beat faster, and he kept hold of them a minute, with a blissful idea that this dreary, rain-soaked place was a paradise.

Presently they found they could mount again. This time Vernham made Dulcie lean against him.

"You must be tired," he said, with a little touch of tenderness he was not in the least aware of. Dulcie was only seventeen, and as fresh and innocent as a child; she detected the tenderness, but only thought, with a full heart, how kind he was. She did not sleep, however.

They got very friendly and talked a good deal; but they made better progress presently. Once they came to a very poor cottage; but it looked so miserable a place that Vernham would not call the inmates up.

"You are better with me," he said, tenderly.

And then Dulcie's pretty head sank lower, and her gray eyes closed. Never did knight errant of old feel more proudly elated than did this nineteenth-century young man, as he rode through the lonely wilds, with this girl's fair young face nestling against him in such utter confidence.

He only looked down at it again and again, and thought it more lovely each time. And so she slept on till it was nearly twelve, and a few straggling cottages told Vernham they were near Ballyhuin. He must rouse his charge; so he said, gently:

"Dulcie!"

And the girl started wide awake, for the first time showing confusion. She lifted herself, and tried to seem at ease.

"How stupid of me!" she said. "I don't

know when I went off. How selfish, when you have been so kind!"

"It went against me to rouse you," said Vernham; "but we are coming to Ballyhuin. I am glad you have had a rest. Will you tell me where I shall take you?"

"Do you see that white house at the end of the street?" she said, pointing to it.

"The white house!" stammered Vernham.

"Yes; you see it? Do you know it?"

"I am going there myself—the MacNamaras'. Is that where you are going?"

He could not help the flash of joy in his face.

"Yes," said Dulcie. "But if we both know them; and Nellie is an old school friend of mine; I can't go in your ulster, Mr. Vernham, can I?"

She was laughing.

"I don't think I can ever wear it again," said he, gravely. "I shall make a votive offering of it in the church. As it has ceased raining, you may have your wish, lady fair."

But when they had dismounted, and were walking through the street, he only threw the ulster over his arm, and took Dulcie's hand.

It was a difficult matter to rouse anyone at the big white house; then it was Nellie who came down, in her dressing room, and behind her an old man-servant, with a flaring lamp.

"Dulcie!" cried she. "And with Mr. Vernham—at this hour—and you are both wet; in heaven's name what has happened?"

"Oh, Nellie," said poor Dulcie, "won't you help me? I have run away!"

"With Mr. Vernham?" cried Nellie, not unnaturally.

Dulcie grew crimson, and hid her face. Vernham said, easily:

"Oh, no—not with me—from some unknown. If you'll give us something to eat I'll tell you."

Nellie was all hospitality and curiosity. A fire was kindled, food placed on the table, and the two travellers made to take some hot concoction Nellie declared would keep off cold. Then she said:

"Now just tell me how you met Dulcie O'Hara, and then——"

"Dulcie O'Hara!" repeated Vernham, looking straight at Dulcie, who began to tremble.

"Yes," she said, and dropped her eyes from the look in his she could not understand.

He pulled himself together, and told Nellie about the meeting, while Dulcie thought about the "horrid wretch" from London, and scarcely dared look at her knight when he said, softly, "Good night" to her.

"Dulcie O'Hara!" he repeated, half the night through. "It can't be—it must not be—the same. I shall never hold up my head again. Yet how can I forget her; the bonnie darling!"

It was the same though, for, late the next day, Nellie marched into the room, and said:

"I don't know what you two young people have been doing, but here are Mr. O'Hara and Mr. Fitzgerald both come to know if I have Dulcie O'Hara here."

Dulcie jumped up, and sprang to Vernham.

"Don't let them take me!" she said, excitedly. "My father will shut me up—and that horrid creature——"

The young man threw his arm round the trembling form.

"Is he a horrid creature?" he whispered. "Dulcie mavourneen, will you try and think he isn't that, but your devoted knight?"

Dulcie's answer was to cling to him, bewildered, but full of trust.

Vernham lifted his head as the door burst open, and the two Irish gentlemen rushed in together.

"There she is!" cried O'Hara. "You spalpeen!" to Vernham.

"Hold hard!" shouted Fitzgerald. "That's my nephew. What do you mean, you young scamp?"

"I am very sorry, uncle," said the Englishman, meekly.

"I daresay. Will you marry Dulcie O'Hara?"

Vernham lifted the girl's face to his.

"Will Dulcie marry me?" he said, softly.

"Yes."

He kissed her lips, then looked up.

"There, uncle, am I an obstinate Saxon now?"

"You're a cheeky young beggar," growled the uncle, delighted. "But you shall have everything when I die."

* * * * * *

"Dear Jack," ran a letter received in London a month after, "I am coming home in a month's time. We are just off to Killarney. You'll see who the 'we' is by the cards enclosed. She's just the sweetest wife man ever had, and my uncle and I are the best of friends."

Out dropped two dainty wedding cards: "Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Vernham," and "Miss Dulcie O'Hara."

"And there isn't another deluge yet!" cried Jack, with a shout of laughter.

BIRTHDAYS.—Keep the birthdays religiously. They belong exclusively to, and are treasured among, the sweetest memories of home. Do not let anything prevent some token, be it ever so light, to show that it is remembered.

Birthdays are great events to children; for one day they feel that they are heroes. The special pudding is made expressly for them; a new jacket, or trousers with pockets, or the first pair of boots, are donned; and big brothers and sisters sink into insignificance beside "little Johnny," who is "six to-day," and is soon "going to be a man."

Fathers who have half a dozen little ones to care for, are apt to neglect birthdays, they come too often—sometimes when they are busy, and sometimes when they are "nervous;" but if they only knew how much such souvenirs are cherished by the children years after, they would never permit any cause to stop between them and a parent's privilege.

M S.

SHAM JEWELRY.

Every one has heard stories of extravagant women who, to obtain money to pay the debts about which they dare not inform their husbands, have pawned or sold their jewels, wearing in their stead imitation stones so skillfully made as to effectively deceive every one.

No doubt this kind of thing has been done often enough, but sham jewelry glitters upon many a fair neck and arm without its wearer being a party to the deception.

There are enormous quantities of false gems about, which their owners, in common with the rest of the world, believe to be really valuable stones.

Some little time ago, a gentleman who had sustained heavy losses on the turf, found himself so hard pressed by his creditors that there was nothing for it but to dispose of his wife's rubies, which for years had been the admiration and envy of the rest of the fashionable world. He took the stones to a leading jeweler, who, after a careful scrutiny, remarked:

"I presume you are aware that these are not real rubies, but only clever imitations?"

The enagrined gentleman replied that it was impossible; the gems were family heirlooms, and had been presented to his mother by a crowned head.

The jeweler was, however, firm in his assertion, and offered to call in the opinion of another expert to satisfy his customer's doubts.

The latter agreed to the proposal, but only to find the unfavorable opinion that had already been expressed as to the value of his jewels, confirmed.

More than this, it was discovered that the rich setting was not solid gold, but only some inferior metal heavily gilt, and the result of the impoverished gentleman's visit to the jeweler was the assurance that his gems were not worth as many dollars as he thought they were worth thousands.

We were told of a similar case the other day by one of the partners in a world-renowned jewelry business. Some diamonds were sent for sale, which they found to be only paste.

They had for years been in the custody of the family bankers, only leaving the strong room on the occurrence of some great festivity, at which their owner wished to appear in the full blaze of her gorgeous diamonds.

Probably every jeweler has, at one time or another, had stones offered to him for sale which their possessors fully believed to be genuine, but which were in reality only good specimens of the skill of the manufacturers of sham jewelry.

Often the men who sold these fraudulent gems, were not to blame. Dishonest workmen who occupy positions of trust have been known to abuse them by substituting imitation stones for those which have been given out to them in the ordinary way of business.

We propose to give our readers some insight into the way in which these imitations are made, and some of the dodges resorted to by swindlers who make their living by passing off false gems as real ones.

The manufacture of sham jewelry is a process demanding the utmost skill and care. Generally speaking, artificial gems are made of a kind of glass called "strass," after the name of a German jeweler by whom it was invented about a hundred years ago.

Strass is composed of silica, potash, borax, various oxides of lead, and sometimes arsenic. Every maker has his own particular processes, and mixes his ingredients in certain proportions which in his opinion give a better result than those in vogue elsewhere.

To ensure the production of successful imitations of real gems, the greatest care must be observed.

The choice of crucibles is a very important matter; none must be used unless they have been proved capable of resisting the strongest heat, and absolutely impervious to the action of metallic oxides.

The pulverising of the various materials should be most thoroughly done. Numerous siftings must be made if success is to be attained, and no sieve must be used for more than one material.

The crucible should be placed in a furnace fed with perfectly dry wood, chopped small. The melting must be gradual, lasting from twenty to thirty hours, and when the contents of the crucible are melted, they must be allowed to cool very slowly.

Skilled workers are able to imitate every kind of precious stone. Until recently no successful counterfeit opals had been made, but the difficulty in this respect has now been overcome.

Those who have visited Paris will no doubt remember the wonderful show of imitation diamonds in the Palais Royal. No unprofessional eye could tell the difference between these sham stones and the genuine article.

Men who have worked in the diamond fields of the Cape for years have been deceived by them, valuing paste brilliants at hundred times their worth.

In London the head-quarters of the makers of artificial jewelry of various kinds are in Clerkenwell.

Here false diamonds can be bought in any quantities at a shilling apiece, their size making scarcely any difference in their price.

Besides the actual manufacture of sham jewelry, many tricks are resorted to for the purpose of making inferior real gems assume the appearance of high-class stones.

Diamonds for instance, whose value is greatly diminished by their having a yellowish tinge, can be made to temporarily resemble stones of the purest water by the use of an acid preparation.

Inferior diamonds may also be made to appear two or three times as valuable as they are in reality by a peculiar method of setting them which is very apt to deceive the inexperienced.

Briefly described, this trick may be said to consist of giving an appearance of whiteness to a yellow diamond by contriving to surround it by a black ring, so unobtrusive as to be quite imperceptible to the eye of the novice.

Many minor details help towards the realisation of this piece of deception, but we fear that a recapitulation of them would prove tedious.

There are numerous chemical tests by means of which artificial stones can be detected from real ones.

Their inferior hardness is a common way of discovering their inferior quality. A file will not touch a real diamond, but will make an impression upon the best paste that ever was manufactured.

A more simple test for sham jewels, and one that may be relied upon, consists of merely touching them with the tongue, doing the same to a real stone.

The false ones will give a warm, soft sensation, quite different from that communicated by the real stone.

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.—Perhaps nothing is more annoying than to meet with contradiction or correction when making some simple assertion. You say, perhaps, at breakfast, that it is a warm day. "I call it cold," answers Charles, whose temper is not at its best in the morning. "It is neither warm nor cold," corrects mamma; and in a few minutes every member in the family has expressed a different opinion of the weather, and you sink into silence, feeling chafed and irritated.

We meet this spirit of contradiction on all sides, from the polite "Excuse me, you are mistaken," to the blunt "It is not so." We are quite ready to admit that variety of opinion produces quickened interest in, and lends a charm to, our life and conversation; but one may have too much of a good thing, and the people we object to are those who will not agree with anybody—not even with themselves.

Remark to one of these trying individuals that Mr. Lodd is an excellent orator, an opinion to which he himself gave voice not long ago, and he instantly sounds the praises of Mr. Elder.

Ask him if he does not admire a certain novelist, of whom he was loud in admiration only a week previously, and he smiles in a superior way as he avows a preference for some other writer.

And you are made to feel in both instances that in presuming to entertain an opinion which is not his, you convict yourself of a certain lack of intelligence.

It is useless to argue in cases of this kind, for if one side proves incontestably that the other is wrong, the weaker side often takes to lofty ground, and says that his view ought to be the correct one, even if it is not, after which logic the case seems hopeless.

But perhaps we need not look beyond ourselves for evidence of the existence of this fault; for days come to the best of us when we feel that it would be a pleasure to quarrel with all mankind; and in giving way to the spirit of contradiction ever lying in wait, we are tolerably certain to reach the end desired.

REASONABLE LIFE.—There is neither sense nor worth in laziness; but it is doubtful if there is more in runaway madness. A very clever man may be a very great fool. A man gets into the full swing of a thing, and he cannot get out of it.

Then, whatever else he is, he does not possess the faculty of greatness. He may earn bread and butter and a fine house, and troops of not friends, but dinner eaters. But, if he continues to be driven by the torrent, and never reasserts his freedom and his independent judgment, the final verdict upon his life will be "Failure."

The pace not only kills health and life it kills character and reputation. Right and reasonable life means steady work, sufficient recreation, time for independent thought, and the constant exercise of independent judgment and will. Less than this is not the life of a man, but of a slave and a fool.

A RASH INTERRUPTION.—They were seated in the drawing room, and he was declaring his love in fervent tones. All at once she stopped him with an imperious gesture, and a look of pain overspread her countenance.

"Wait! wait!" she exclaimed in short, sharp tones.

In a moment the sneers came, and Heloise, looking tenderly up into his face, said, "As you were saying, George?"

PERSONAL blemishes are so far like a mirror, that they expose as much the deformity of those who ridicule them, as of those who are ridiculed.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The boys of the College for the Blind, of Worcester, England, indulge in cricket, and are reported to play a very fair game. The ball used is made of wicker, with a bell inside of it, which rings when it is thrown. The wicket-keeper claps his hands behind the stumps to guide the bowler, and so expert are the bowlers that they can hit the wicket with three balls out of six.

An ancient scientist declares that the story of Pocahontas is no myth, but a solid historical fact. The professor, in connection with editing the works of Captain John Smith, determined to find out the truth, and gives the above as the result of a most vigorous test. "In my reprint many greater hair-breath escapes than are recorded in his life; and in later Indian stories captive men have often been saved from death by Indian squaws. The incident is almost commonplace."

According to an official report just issued of the 39 478 people whose marriages were registered in Massachusetts last year, 699 were men and 245 women who had reached their 50th year; 19 men and 5 woman were over 75 years of age, and 7 men and 2 women were over 80. The total number of males under 20 years of age were 368, and of females 3218. Two females were 12, 2 were 13, 12 were 14 and 51 were 15 years of age. One male was 15, and there were none under that age.

The French care-taker seems to be a highly festive being. Count Esterhazy left a man and his wife in charge of his chateau in the Marne. The couple ate all the poultry, drank or carried away 450 bottles of wine and stole all the household linen. Madame wore the Countess's dresses; Monsieur smoked the Count's pipes and cigars and used up 1200 of his cartridges at revolver practice. All the getatable jewelry was sold; while the care-taker and his wife, not being bibliophiles themselves, made the happiness of those who were by giving away "some rare books" from the library. Madame being now a lady, she declined to wash any linen, but threw it away when it was soiled. Good living will not again be so frequent with the enterprising couple for some time, since the husband has gone to prison for eight and the wife for five years.

The companies owning the drop a penny-in-the-slot machines are having a hard time of it with the devisers of new schemes to beat the game. Somebody evidently has gone into the business of turning out round pieces of metal which serve as well as coins when put in the slots. At one of the elevated railroad stations in Brooklyn, a day or two ago, the collector who was making a round of the machines found in the box of a candy machine many pieces of lead the size of a penny. Nearly 15 of these were in the box of the peppermint department, and perhaps were thrown in by some dishonest peppermint fiend who is in the habit of using that station. The collector said that stealing was going on everywhere where the companies had automatic machines, and that for some reason or other the thieves could not be caught.

The papers announce the intention of Archduke John of Austria to abandon Austria altogether, renounce all his titles, rights and privileges, and accept a post which has been offered him as captain of a British merchantman. He is at present in Paris, and has left his yacht Bassin, which he has commanded since he passed the examination of a captain at Fiume. Archduke John is thirty-seven years old and the youngest son of the late Grand Duke of Tuscany. He was born in Florence, and from his earliest youth proved his many talents. Although somewhat his senior, he was the intimate friend of Crown Prince Rudolph, with whom he spent many hours of study and of recreation. It will be remembered that the two princes jointly prepared a plan by which the French spiritualist Bastien was unmasked and had to run for life in his socks, whilst his boots were kept by the Princes as a souvenir of their triumph over ignorance.

The English House of Commons has 670 members. The Speaker receives $25 000 salary; Chairman of Committees, $12 500. It has 466 English members, 30 Welsh, 72 Scotch, 103 Irish. Total, 670. The House of Lords consists of the whole peerage of England and representatives of the peerage of Scotland and Ireland; 3 princes of the blood; 2 archbishops, 22 dukes, 20 marquises, 114 earls, 28 viscounts, 31 bishops, 288 barons, 16 Scottish peers elected by each Parliament, 28 Irish peers elected for life. Total, 543. The "princes of the blood" are: Albert Edward, Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Edinburgh 45 years of age; Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught, 38 years; George William Frederick Charles, Duke of Cambridge. The Speaker and Lord High Chancellor of England receives each $20 000 salary. The Chairman of Committees, Duke of Buckingham, has $12,500. The Lord High Chancellor need not be a peer. He sits upon a crimson pillow case called the "woolsack." The Clerk of Parliament gets $20 000 a year, a residence and pension. The Sergeant-at-Arms has $7 500.

It is well to lock or bolt bed-room doors; but the bolts and locks should always go so easily that the doors may be opened in a moment.

Our Young Folks.

CLARA'S MISFORTUNE.

BY SHEILA.

TWO happy little maidens were Poppy and Patty, twin sisters of six, trot in t' ting down the stairs, a tiny new doll between them, and trotting down as well Jack, their elder brother by three years, called them the two peas, to which they would pertly answer—

"But we're not alike!"

Nor were they. Poppy was dark, and Patty fair; they would never be mistaken to be one for the other.

"Well, what are you two young peas chattering over?" asked Master Jack loftily, meeting them.

"Talking to our new doll, Miss Tiny Clara," they informed him.

"But I thought you had one doll-creature of that name before?" scoffed he.

"So we have. We shall call this one Tiny; only we gave her the name of Clara as well, because the other doll shouldn't be jealous."

"Phew! you little make-believes!" The boy rose, snapped his fingers in their faces, and was passing on.

"Isn't she a beauty?" said Poppy, her fond little heart craving for an atom of praise from someone.

"Pooh!" cried he, catching up the dainty creature from them by her head, "she hasn't a bit of hair."

"Oh! she has lovely hair," spoke Patty, with conviction.

"Well, as much hair as there is on a tea-cup, or a teapot, or a plate, and no more," was the retort.

Which was the truth—just a pretty sham of a china doll was she, with shining blue eyes. Down he popped her on her feet, so roughly that, but for her careful mammas, she would have fallen; as it was, she went down on her knees.

"Poor little dear! was the big boy rough with her, and was she hurt?" so they cooed to her, then the boy went racing up, and they came tripping down.

"She'll be making off one of these days if you teach her to use her legs so nimbly," he turned on the topmost stair to say, like a very prophet of evil.

"She won't, except you take her," cried one of the wee mammas.

Pretty unconscious twin sisters, how they joyed in this new pet! Yes, they were twins in everything, they had never been known to quarrel, no, not once, and they were six years old.

But, oh dear! before Miss Tiny Clara was six weeks old, much more six years, a dreadful thing happened: she was lost. The twins searched for her all over the house; but as it had been in that long ago, at Christmas-time, with the ill-fated lady shut away in the chest, the twins

"Sought wildly,
But found her not,"

She had vanished one morning while they were at lessons, and now their little hearts were rent in twain with grief. And while they wept together in each other's arms on the stairs, up came prophet Jack.

"Well, what's the matter with you two green peas?" cried he jauntily.

"Oh, Jack, Miss Tiny Clara is lost!" so they told their tale.

"Ah! I told you so," returned Jack, who had a good memory. "I told you she'd be toddling off one of these fine days."

"Oh, Jack! you know she couldn't walk alone," objected Patty.

"Walk, no! you may be sure she ran, if she went at all."

The twin mammas renewed their tears at this.

"Oh, Jac ! somebody must have taken her! was it you?" came plaintively, like a half accusation.

"I take her? I take a doll? No, thank you!"

"But who did, if you didn't?"

"Ah! that's the question. Ask Romp."

"You know a dog doesn't want a doll."

"A dog would be as likely to want a doll as a boy would. Does he want my hat, my stick, or boots? Yet he takes them."

"Yes; but then he does that just for fun."

"Well, and he may like to take a doll for fun. Here, Romp!" The boy whistled to the dog, seeing him below in the hall, and up he came.

"Doll lost—doll lost—find her!" said he to the waggish creature, sniffing and wagging about in high expectation.

But no, he apparently did not know anything of the missing beauty; at any rate, he looked very blank, only sniffed at the little girls' feet, and sniffed again, as if awaiting further orders.

"He means she's walked away, and he saw her go, or something of that sort," said Jack comically.

"Oh, Jack! you talk just like a silly boy."

Both sore little hearts poured out their tears again: what was a laughing matter to Jack was deep grief to them. Away vaulted Jack, Romp at his heels, and in the passage below he met the nurse.

"Nurse, one of the little ones is lost, or something," he told her airily.

"Lost! Which?" Nurse had been busy below stairs; the children's mamma was gone for a walk.

"Miss Tiny Clara," he informed her, mockingly.

"Then that's some of your doing, Master Jack," replied scouting nurse.

"Oh, yes, always a boy or a dog must be charged with any mischief that's done, of course."

"Come, Master Jack, let the children have their doll, and don't tease," admonished the good woman.

"I don't know where she is;" this was all he chose to say in denial, and off he went, whistling, to town.

Back again, he was closeted in his own small room till tea-time; and lo! on the stairs stood a fright of a negro doll, or rather, a negress beauty, black as jet, when the bereaved little maidens tripped down to have tea with their mamma. A scream, half of delight, half of terror, rang out, for it seemed at first sight to be their darling Miss Tiny Clara turned into a blackamore, which they clasped to their hearts in turn.

"Naughty black 'weep!" Baby Bob said it was, when they showed it to him; but Jack laughed, and then confessed that it was a new doll he had bought in town for them, only he had beautified her with a little paint. Well, Poppy and Patty believed him, and took the scrap of a negress to their hearts, and called her Topsy; but Miss Tiny Clara was not forgotten by them: they still remembered her in their heart of hearts.

A month went by, and then a game of ball was to be played between the five little ones—the twins, Dickie, Maude, and Baby Bob. *A crack match*, Jack called it, passing by as they chose their ground. Ah! we never know one hour what is coming to us the next, whether joy or sorrow; neither did Poppy and Patty that afternoon as they played with their companions.

To and fro flew the elastic balls—a very humdrum game to older folk, but calling forth peals of laughter from the small band of players.

"Me, me!" cried Baby Bob, stretching out his chubby arms, and clinching at air with his rosy fingers.

"No, Bob's hand is too tiny to catch," said Maude, a mere baby of a prattler herself.

"Me *bad, bad* hand!" so he answered her—while, oh! what was happening?

One truant ball went down among the whispering flowers, telling their secret together in their own flower language.

"Catch, Dickie," cried Poppy, tossing her ball, while Patty picked up the other.

There, there! what did Patty espy? Down deep, deep in the heart of the flowers, at their very roots, where shining black and gold-colored beetles were running races, and grasshoppers were taking high leaps, there she lay, poor Miss Tiny Clara, the forsaken darling: she and no other, for her mamma's pitying eyes to rest upon—ay, Patty could not, almost, be mistaken.

The little girl gathered her into her sheltering arms, a poor, pale, affrighted creature, with dew bedabbled garments. Down they sat in the flowery meadow, and wept over her a brief space, those two small make-believe mothers, and then went home to tell the news. A half-glad, half sorrowful procession, they wended their way along. They must give her a warm bath—they thought she had taken a chill, she looked so pale, so—so very unlike their rosy, well-cared-for child of a month ago. And then arose the question: how came she there?

"Well, you round-eyed little party, one would think you'd found a mare's nest," spoke Jack at a venture, meeting them at the gate.

"Oh, Jack, we've found the doll—see!" cried Patty; she could not utter the darling's name, her heart was too full, and up she held the poor abject creature to view. "I found her in the grass and flowers," the child sobbed: she could not help it, what with the pleasure of possession and pain at the puppet's altered looks. "I thought it was a fairy asleep at first, and—and——"

"And, lo! it was a lost doll," quizzed Jack. "I told you she'd be taking to her heels and running away, you know."

"Oh, Jack, she didn't run away, she was carried—was it you? was it, for truth?"

Both twins were clinging to him as Patty uttered the words.

"No, not I, for truth. Romp knows all about it—ask him." And lo! there he was coming across to them, as grave as a judge.

Well, of course a dog wouldn't tell a tale against himself, as Jack put it, so he told the story himself. "I saw the old sly-boots making off with the young lady, and I followed to the rescue; but the old fellow outran me, and outwitted me. I couldn't make out where he had hidden her, and though I cried, 'Doll lost—fetch!' again and again, my gentleman wouldn't. Well, just for fun, I wouldn't tell upon the old chap, but I bought you a lovely substitute, and that is the end of the tale of Miss Tiny Clara."

Ah! was it the end? No; for though her good looks were lost for ever, she was still dear to her mistress, and it was long before they were parted from each other.

NELL'S HOUSE.

BY D.

"COME, come, this won't do!" said Aunt Ann's firm voice; and as her tall form came in at the door the sun made quite a blaze of the glass on her eyes, through which she saw a lot of boys and girls with hot and cross brows, who spoke out loud till they saw Aunt Ann.

Each mouth was still, but had a big pout on it, and eyes said what tongues might not say.

"What is it? speak, Grace!" said the aunt.

"Oh, it's all Will's fault!"

"No, it is not—no, it is not!" said Will.

"It's Grace's quite as much," said Joan; "and we can't have a nice game with her."

"What is your play?" said Aunt Ann.

One small face gave a smile, and a voice, not loud or cross, said:

"Will wants to be the Prince when we act, and Grace wants Jack for the Prince, and so she won't lend her hat with the long plume to Will—that's all!"

"Dear me! all this fuss for that! and such big boys and girls as you are!"

Grace had tears all down her face, and they fell on the hat with the plume, which she held in her hand, as she said with a sob:

"You don't know how bad he is to me!"

"No, I'm not; you are mean to me—just like a girl!"

How long this might have gone on no one knows; but Aunt Ann thought of a plan to smooth the [illegible].

"I want all the girls first in my room, then all the boys."

"What for, Aunt Ann?" said Nell, the one who had a bright face and a bright heart, and did not like the sound of strife.

"Come and see," said Aunt Ann; and she went first, while the young ones came soon to see what she had to show [illegible].

"Now, bairns, I have a plan for you. I will give a prize to the one who can draw best this house where I was born, up in the North."

They all saw the house, as Aunt Ann held the frame up in her hand. In fact, they had known it all their lives, for it hung on the wall in Aunt Ann's room.

"It's a straight kind of house," said Joan, who was not quite so old as Grace; "I should like to try."

"So should I!" said bright Nell, with her fat bare arms held up. "Let me try, Aunt Ann!"

"You!" said Grace with a sniff.

She had not got quite well from her fit of —you know what.

"Why not?" said Aunt Ann, with a fond look at the sweet face of her small niece.

"Will you have your slate, Nell?"

"Yes, please; 'cause I can rub out and rub out till I get it right."

Grace took a book to draw in, so did Joan, and then they said they did not know how all could have the house to draw from at the same time.

"You can sit at my long table when lunch is done. But now you may run and wash your hands, for I want to see Jack and Will. Send them to me, Nell dear," said Aunt Ann.

Off ran the child, and had not far to go, for Jack and Will were both on their way to Aunt Ann's room.

"Come on," cried Nell. "She wants you now."

"Who wants me? the cat?" said Will.

"No," said Nell, with a laugh; "Aunt Ann wants you."

Then she ran up stairs, and the two boys went to Aunt Ann's room.

"Come in, boys."

In they went. At first they thought they were to hear how bad they had been, but when they saw Aunt Ann with a big book in front of her, and found her eyes quite on the book, and not on them, they took heart.

"Now, boys, I'm so glad you've come, for I want a plan made."

"What of, Aunt Ann?" cried Will, in much fear that he could not do it.

"Well, it is not quite a plan—it is a route I want."

"Where to?" said Jack, who was good at maps of all kinds.

Aunt Ann told them that she meant to take a short tour, and would like to know the best way to get to a place on the coast by coach.

"May we use a guide?" said Will, with bright eyes.

Aunt Ann said—

"No, my boy; I can do that. I want to hear your thoughts of a nice tour of a month."

"Won't you take someone with you?" said Jack, who did not know what was the new plan.

"I don't know yet. But I give a prize to the boy who finds me the best route. You must work down stairs; here is all you want, and you can be quite still in the school room."

Well, the girls set to work. Grace and Joan had their books, and Nell her slate.

"This not a straight house," said Grace, when she formed her own lines all wrong.

"It's hard to draw," said Joan with a sigh, "but I don't know that it isn't straight. I can't get on with it."

And she took out all she had done with a big smudge.

"Mine is all right, but I don't think Aunt Ann's house is," said Grace, as she leant back in her chair.

Nell said not a word, but went on with her work till she got what was much more like the house than the big girls did, and Aunt Ann came in just then to see how things went.

"Time's up!" she said with a smile; and the two big girls gave their books.

She shook her head at them.

Nell sat with her slate in front of her, and Aunt Ann took it up.

"Why, Nell, this is my house!"

Nell's face got all red. She said:

"It does not seem *quite* like; but I did it six times."

"Well done, my child!—you have won the prize; and I think you must come with me to choose the doll you like best."

Grace gave a black look; but Joan was glad when she saw that the wee child, who had tried so hard to do her best, had won the prize.

The boys brought their work to a close, and had done it with all their might; but Jack's route was best.

Then Aunt Ann told them that all were to have this tour with her, and there was a great jump for joy.

Jack had a bat for his prize, and he meant to have some good games with it.

HELPFUL BIRDS.—Pewees eat striped cucumber bugs. Cat birds wage war on tent caterpillars. Robins destroy cut and other earthworms. Quails wage war on chinch bugs and locusts. Wood thrushes and wrens feed on cut worms. Blue throated buntings destroy canker worms. Meadow larks, woodpeckers and crows eat wire worms. Swallows, night hawks, purple martins and whippoorwills are moth catchers. Black, red winged birds, jays, doves, pigeons and chippies destroy strawberry pests. Hawks, all night birds, owls, etc., tanagers and black winged summer red birds eat curculios.

HYDROPHOBIA.—A German forest-keeper, 62 years of age, not wishing to carry to his grave an important secret, has published a recipe he has used for many years, and which, he says, has saved several men and a great number of animals from a horrible death by hydrophobia. The bite must be bathed as soon as possible with warm vinegar and water, and when this has dried a few drops of muriatic acid poured upon the wound will destroy the poison of the saliva and relieve the patient from all present or future danger.

LITTLE Johnnie Dubois, of Duck Creek, Wisconsin, did not like the task assigned him of taking care of his 6 months'-old sister, so he pushed her out of a second story window. The baby fell into a box tree that had been cut in the shape of a bowl and here she was found unharmed later by her mother. Johnnie hasn't smiled for a week and is sore all over.

"GREAT SILENCES"

BY MRS. G. BANKS.

We can hear the thunder rattle and roar,
Can hear the tramp of the tide on the shore:

Hear the furious winds rush blustering by,
Or the pelting rain from a darkened sky.

We may hear the lark as he soaring sings,
Not the growth of the grass from whence he springs.

Nor hear we the soft snow-flakes as they fall,
And trooping shroud the dead earth with a pall:

Nor yet the rise or descent of the dew,
That gems and freshens the rose and the rue:

Nor hear we the moments that make up time,
Though we tick them off with metallic chime:

Nor hear we the growth of the human soul,
Though demon or seraph may be the whole.

For thoughts and feelings come like the snow,
And virtues or vices like grass will grow:

And no moment slips to the silent sea
That makes not its mark for eternity.

LEAF AND BRANCH.

From Mexico there comes a peculiar tree known there as the "tree of little hands." It is thus called owing to the fact that its five peculiarly-curved anthers bear some slight resemblance to the fingers of a child.

Anything more preposterous than the uses to which the hazel is put cannot possibly be conceived. It is one of the most picturesque of our flowering shrubs; but it has but a poor repute owing to its too intimate connection with the black art.

Its branches are termed "the rod of Jacob," "the twig," and "the divining rod;" and formerly it was no unusual sight to see persons wandering, apparently aimlessly, about fields and through villages with one of these branches or twigs in their hands, seeking, through its deflection, for water, buried hoards, or to discover criminals.

The belief has died out somewhat, though it still exists. It is also believed that a twig of the hazel placed over the door of a dwelling house is an infallible charm against lightning; and various other supernatural powers are attributed to this mystic tree.

The juice of the hemlock, which is deadly in its effect, was extracted by the Greeks; and, in cases of capital offences, the criminal was given a dose if his crime had not been particularly heinous.

About the holly I might say much, but shall content myself on the present occasion with only a few words. Throughout Germany this tree bears the name of "Christ's Thorn:" presumably, because it berries at the time of our Saviour's death.

Legendary history informs us that it was in a holly-bush that the Lord appeared to Moses in a flame of fire; and also that the cross on which the Saviour was crucified was made of holly, on which account it bears the name of "Lignum Sanctæ Crucis."

The holly-tree has become an object of worship, like the mistletoe; and at times new-born children were sprinkled with water impregnated with holly to ward off evil spirits.

I may as well here deal with the ivy, which is said to be symbolic of eternal life, on account of its clinging nature and extreme age. The Egyptians dedicated it to Osiris, and the Greeks and Romans to Bacchus.

The latter, the god of wine, is invariably represented as crowned with a chaplet of ivy, because the ancients believed that ivy would neutralise the intoxicating influence of any excess in wine-drinking. To newly-married persons the ancient priests presented branches of ivy, as emblematic of the Gordian knot by which they were bound together.

In classic times the laurel, one of our most beautiful evergreens, was famous for its many virtues. Those who slept beneath its branches were believed to be endowed with poetical inspiration; while it was regarded also as impervious to the lightning shaft.

It is recorded that the Emperor Tiberius, whenever the sky portended a storm, placed a chaplet of laurel round his neck. An old writer (seventeenth century) ridiculing the belief which continued right down to his time, stated that a few years before he wrote, a laurel-tree had been struck by lightning at Rome.

In the Pythian games, the victors were rewarded with wreaths of laurel, while those in the Olympian games were formed of green parsley. Petrarch planted a grove of laurels around the grave of Virgil, at Baia, near Naples, the successors of which are still standing.

One of the peculiarities of vegetable life in Jamaica is what may, appropriately enough, be termed the "life tree," from the tenacity with which it clings to life. It is impossible to kill the tree, either by plucking off its fruit, or by chopping it down. The only exterminator is fire.

The Brahmins believe that to dream of a mango tree is indicative of the coming of a friend: that if the mango-tree be in bloom, he will come with good news; if in fruit, with some rich presents.

A very common tree in the East is the "manna-tree," the bark of which is purposely wounded to permit the flow of the manna. In odour it resembles honey; in taste it is sweet, with a subsequent bitter flavor; when eaten, it acts as a mild purgative, but it is also more or less nutritious and fattening. It is sought after and eaten by the Arabs, and by the monks of Mount Sinai.

The luckiest plant, or tree, for a house-window, it may be interesting to know, is the myrtle, as its possessor will be sure to gain fortune and happiness. By an old saw we are told to water it every evening, and be proud of it. On Saint Catherine's day, love charms may be worked with the assistance of a sprig of myrtle.

One of the noblest of trees is the oak, enormous and ancient examples of which are to be seen in the parks attached to the old manor houses and castles. It was, once upon a time, believed that the oak-tree was mysteriously protected, and that any injury done it would be severely punished.

This, of course, is a relic of the Druidic age. And the old superstition, which refuses to give up the ghost, is that if the oak gets into leaf before the ash, we may expect a fine and productive year; while if the ash leafs before the oak, a cold summer and an unproductive autumn may be anticipated.

It may not be generally known that many of the Queens of England have been in the habit of choosing oaks in Windsor forest to which they have given their name.

This, with the date of choice, has been engraved on a brass plate, and fastened to the tree. Hence, in the most beautiful part of the forest, may be seen with seats around them trees bearing the names of Queen Anne, Queen Caroline, Queen Charlotte, and Queen Victoria.

Herne's Oak, mentioned in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," as being in Windsor Park, was destroyed by the wind on the thirty first of August, 1863

Grains of Gold.

Useless studies are a busy idleness.

Violence is not calculated to convince.

Vindictive minds are never long at rest.

Vain persons are an easy prey to parasites.

One always has time enough, if one will apply it.

Seek not to reform every one's dial by your own watch.

The best mode of instruction is to practise what we teach.

It is less pain to learn in youth, than to be ignorant in age.

Nothing is more precious than time, yet nothing is less valued.

We hand folks over to God's mercy, and show none ourselves.

Worth hath been under-rated ever since wealth was over-rated.

Neither praise nor dispraise yourself: your actions serve the turn.

Every vice has a cloak, and creeps in under the name of a virtue.

An angry man is again angry with himself, when he returns to reason.

Most things have two handles, and a wise man takes hold of the best.

Let us be happy to-day, if it will not hinder our being so to-morrow.

Employment is Nature's physician, and is essential to human happiness.

He who cannot command himself, it is folly to think can command others.

He is well constituted who grieves not for what he has not, and rejoices for what he has.

We should never remember the benefits we have conferred, nor forget the favors received.

Femininities.

A woman's vengeance knows no bounds.

Hasty resolutions are more easily formed than performed.

A Chestnut street tailor had an order not long since for a livery for a housemaid.

It would be well if some dreams were realities, and many more realities dreams.

A woman may be too good for this world, but she cannot be too pretty or too amiable.

It is the wife of the late husband who is the most interested in "the coming man."

The only time when a woman longs to keep her mouth shut is when she is at the dentist's.

Why is a lady's hair like the latest news? Because in the morning we always find it in papers.

A ton of ropes made from the hair of the women of Japan is used in building the Buddhist temple of Kioto.

Many have an idea that they are serving the Lord, when they are meddling with what is none of their business.

A club for women, mainly for the benefit of country members, is to be established in New York. Dues, $10 a year.

It is said that men hairdressers are being fast supplanted by women, and that they are extremely skilful in the use of scissors.

Twelve women inspectors of Customs at New York have been dismissed. Women travelers, it is said, prefer to have their effects examined by men.

A little 4 year-old St. Paul girl the other day shocked her Sunday-school teacher, in responding to a reproof, with "I'm not struck on being an angel."

One train out of Maysville, Ky., the other evening, carried no less than four newly married couples of that town. They were all starting on wedding tours.

The latest sensation in West Virginia is the elopement of a 35-year-old woman with her adopted son, aged 20, to whom she had acted as a mother for 20 years.

To set the color in black or dark hosiery, calicoes, cambrics, etc., put a large tablespoonful of black pepper into a pail of water, and let the articles lie in soak for a couple of hours.

A woman who, like Charles Dickens' Jenny Wren, made her living by dressing and repairing dolls, died in St. Paul recently. Hundreds of her little friends are mourning her loss.

When a Chinese girl is married she must wait four months before etiquette allows her to pay her first visit to her mother; and, after this initiatory call, she may go to the home of her parents at any time.

In a cemetery in France one reads: "Here lies Gabrielle, my adored wife. She was an angel. Never shall I be consoled for her loss." On the same stone: "Here lies Henriette, my second wife. She was also an angel."

In washing the face use hot and cold water alternately. In drying rub the skin upward, and then give the entire face a gentle massage with the dry palm, always remembering to rub upward. During the day let the face have perfect repose for half an hour, all the muscles relaxed.

The latest polite thing is to advance one step and bow, as a courteous greeting; to show the reverse sentiment, to draw back a step and bow. This fashion will quickly evaporate in consequence of its blunt impertinence. The high knuckle upward shake of the hand is left to second-rate people.

Took her at her word. Indignant passenger, to car conductor: "Please understand, sir, that you are paid to answer questions, and not to ask them. Tell me when we have passed Market street." Conductor, 10 minutes later: "We have passed Market street now, madam. It's about seven blocks back."

Emelie and Suzanne Provost, of East Chester, N. Y., maiden ladies of advanced age, being in ill health, one of them went off on a visit, thinking the change would benefit her. She died, and now the other has also died at her home. They had all their lives lived together, and died within a few days of each other.

High-heeled shoes are no modern invention: they go back to the earliest Henry; and the top piece was often no bigger than a shilling, shaped like a heart. Three and a half inches is the fashionable height of a heel now; but heels in Henry I.'s time were one inch higher, though the top piece was larger, measuring one and a quarter inch by one and one-eighth inch.

An affidavit does not accompany the following story, which Ohio sends along: "A lady of Columbus used for her complexion a mixture of arsenic and nitrate of silver. Then she went to the White Sulphur Springs and took the baths. The sulphur decomposed the silver salts in her skin and turned her so black that she has gone into retirement and will not be seen again for a year."

A dainty little flower stand for the corner of the room is made of three broom-sticks and a round brass tray, such as can be found at any hardware store. Cut the sticks the same length, stain with cherry staining, then varnish. Cross in the middle and fasten with screws, the tops of which may be gilded, or a bright ribbon tied where the sticks cross. Fasten the tray to the top of them with small brass-headed picture nails.

After her marriage, the other day, the young lady who had just been wedded burst out crying. When questioned as to the cause she declared she had been told by an expert in palmistry that she was to have two husbands, and she should therefore, she foresaw, sooner or later lose the precious one she had just acquired. That individual thereupon sought to comfort her by the assurance that palmistry only told half the truth, meaning her to understand thereby that she would only have one husband; but her arithmetic was different in its way of working to his—she took half the truth to be two, and saw a consequent prediction of four husbands. She left off weeping.

Masculinities.

Violence is the argument of brutes.

He that would advance should not look backward.

Some men's minds are never half blown. With their trumpets it is far otherwise.

The average weight of the brain of a man is 55 ounces; of a woman 47 ounces.

A man breathes about 18 pints of air in a minute, or upward of 7 hogsheads a day.

The present with its duties, and the future with its hopes, are all we have to do with.

The flatterer is one who says to us a tithe of the smooth things we say to ourselves.

The young man who stood on his own merits became very much fatigued with the performance.

No one can be happy without a friend, and no one can know what friends he has until he is unhappy.

There's one peculiar thing about horse races. You can pick the winners right along until you conclude to put up your money.

Another case of dementia being caused by cigarette-smoking is reported—that of a young man who was a clerk in the last Nevada State Senate.

A Lynn, Mass., man, who has been president of a gas company for thirty-two years, persists in lighting his own premises with candles and lamps.

Husband: "Did you ever notice, my dear, that a loud talker is generally an ignorant person?" Wife: "Well, you needn't talk so loud; I'm not deaf."

President Harrison takes a five or six miles walk every Sunday afternoon between 4 and 6. This is the only day that he is able to get all the time to himself that he wants.

Two moonstone hearts, each encircled by small diamonds, surmounted by a Cupid's bow, entwined in a true lover's knot, is a lace pin very attractive to a smitten youth.

"You may speak," said a fond mother, "about people having strength of mind, but when it comes to strength of don't mind, my son William surpasses anybody I ever knew."

She: "Sir, what do you mean by putting your arm around my waist?" He: "Do you object?" She: "Mr. Arthur Gordon, I'll give you just five hours to remove your arm!"

"Ma, somebody is going to die!" said a knowing little fellow who was looking out of the window into the street. "Why?" "'Cause the doctor's just gone by," was the reply.

Smith: "There goes Brown." Jones: "Yes. Self-made man, isn't he?" "Who told you?" "Himself. When a man is self-made few people are left in ignorance of the fact."

An old man of our acquaintance says he was born at the wrong time. "When I was young," he says, "young men were of no account; and now that I am old, old men are of no account."

There is a new way of keeping the boys straight in politics. An Illinois father has mutilated the family Bible to make his son appear less than 21, to keep him from voting for the other party.

A man will walk five miles in a political procession carrying a torch, and feel good over it, but it makes him tired for a week to walk five blocks and carry a letter to the postoffice for his wife.

Candor is always to be admired, and equivocation to be shunned; but there is such a thing as supererogation, and very bold and ingenuous avowals may do much more harm than good.

Anxious wife: "Tell me, doctor, is John out of danger?" Conscientious physician: "I wouldn't like to say that your husband is actually out of danger, Mrs. Greenleigh, but he is—er—dead."

Rev. Dr. Halo once said to a young friend: "Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time," and added, "Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have."

On a recent occasion George Bancroft, the historian, told a bevy of young girls that the secret of long life lay in never losing one's temper. "If you never get angry," said the historian, "you will live to be ninety."

A Milwaukee man has set up a training school for beggars. A Begging Trust is the next thing in order, and then some awfully rich beggar may be expected to endow a chair of mendicity at some leading university.

It is said that printed declarations, with blank forms, are to be used by young ladies who have lovers too modest to propose. The ladies themselves fill out the blanks, and, of course, no sensible man can refuse signing them.

"Oh, Henry," said a fond friend, "don't be so hard on your mother-in-law. Remember if it hadn't been for her you would not have had Mary." "You're right," said Henry, "and that is exactly why I hate her so. I only wish she had never been born."

As a practical joke on a young police officer of Statesville, near Raleigh, N. C., two of his friends jumped suddenly from behind a tree, the other night, and demanded his surrender. He quickly fired upon them, seriously, if not fatally, wounding them both.

A bachelor says that all he should ask for in a wife would be, a good temper, health, good understanding, agreeable physiognomy, figure, good connection, domestic habits, resources of amusements, good spirits, conversational talents, elegant manners—money! The unreasonable rascal!

For a good, every-day household angel, give us the woman who laughs. Her biscuits may not be just right, and she may occasionally burn her bread and forget to replace dislocated buttons, but for solid comfort all day and every day, she is a very paragon. Home is not a battle-field, nor life an unending row. The trick of always seeing the bright side, or if the matter has no bright side, of shining up the dark one, is a very important faculty.

Recent Book Issues.

"A Year of Good Wishes" is a beautiful holiday work, comprising twelve pictures, in colored oil-pictures emblematic of and with sentiments adapted to the months. The designs are by J. P. Suntor. Published by F. A. Stokes & Bro., New York, and for sale by Porter & Coates.

"America, My Country, 'Tis of Thee" by S. F. Smith, is a profusely illustrated holiday book, picturing in colors and monotints, the leading natural, and most picturesque features of American scenery in conjunction with the words and music of the well known song indicated in the title. Published by F. A. Stokes & Bro., New York. For sale by Lippincott.

"The Golden Days of '49," by Kirk Munroe, is a story of the times when gold was discovered in the region of the Sierras. The mining camps are described in a manner that gives an excellent idea of the men who have made California what it is to-day. Altogether it is a very entertaining book for young and old with plenty of good illustrations among other attractions. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. For sale by Lippincott.

Dodd & Mead have published and Porter & Coates have for sale a collection of the shorter stories of Edward P. Roe and an autobiography of the author under the title of "Taken Alive, and Other Stories." The stories have all been printed before, but are collected in one volume for the first time. They are all written in the author's characteristic vein. The autobiography occupies but a few pages, but is full of interest.

One of the most prettiest and most useful of holiday book ideas, is the "Calendar of The Nations" with twelve *fac simile* water color designs suggestive of twelve different nationalities. There is a small calendar on each picture and the design and sentiment of the sketch is most beautifully and poetically made appropriate to the particular season. Maud Humphrey is the artist and Stokes & Bro., New York, the publishers. For sale by Wanamaker.

Worthington & Co., 747 Broadway, New York, have just issued a powerful, sparkling French novel called "Henriette, or A Corsican Mother," by Francois Coppee, translated by Edward Wakefield, with photogravure illustrations. The tale tells of a high-born mother's intense love for her only son, who for his sake, after the loss of her husband, decides to devote her life entirely to him. But when the son passionately attaches himself to a young but poor girl, the mother becomes disconsolate and jealous, and of course repudiates the girl. The story is deeply interesting and enjoyable. For sale by Lippincott.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Popular Science Monthly for December contains "The Descendants of Paleolithic Man in America," "Glass-Making," "The Evolution of a Glass Bottle," (illustrated), "Plain Words on the Woman Question," "New Phases in the Chinese Problem," "Governmental Aid to Injustice," "Israelite and Indian," (concluded) "Mental and Physical Training for Children," "The Struggle of Sea and Land," "The Royal Society of England," "Speech and Song," by Sir Morell Mackenzie, song; "Suspension of Vitality in Animals," "Sketch of Robert Koch, (with portrait); "Editor's Table": Every-Day Science.—A Comparison in Racial Developments "Literary Notices," "Popular Miscellany," and "Notes." Appleton & Co., New York.

Mr. Herkimer's most famous picture, "The Last Muster," is reproduced by the photogravure process and printed as the frontispiece of *The Magazine of Art* for December. The opening article of the number is an account of the National Gallery of Scotland, by Walter Armstrong. It is fully illustrated by engravings from the best pictures in the gallery. After this the "Artistic Aspect of Lord Mayor's Shows" is discussed with pen and pencil. A charming portrait of Elizabeth, Countess of Grosvenor, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, is given the honor of a full page. The first of a series of papers and pictures on "Wild Wales" is given. Prof. W. M. Conway discusses "Art Professorships," and then there is a poem, "A Maiden of Dreams," by Arthur L. Salmon, with a fantastic illustration by C. Ricketts. "The Philosophy of Laughter" is written by Charles Whibley and illustrated by Frederick Barnard, which brings us to the "Chronicle of Art," and this closes the number. Cassel & Co., Publishers, New York.

FROZEN MILK.—A new industry is foreshadowed in a paper recently read before the French Agricultural Society. A member has been carrying out a number of experiments, the results from which tend to show that milk in a frozen state will preserve all its characteristics, and will be in every way as good as fresh milk when, after some days, or even weeks, it is thawed for use.

In the frozen state it can, moreover, be transported from place to place with the greatest ease. The freezing process can be accomplished with ordinary ice machines. Both cheese and butter made from frozen cream are said in no way to differ from that made in the usual manner.

IF IT WAS POSSIBLE TO GO THROUGH LIFE without once taking a cold, many of the minor, and not a few of the more serious ills of life would be avoided. But since it is idle to hope for so happy an exemption, it is well to remember that Dr. Jayne's Expectorant is a sure curative for Coughs and Colds, Asthma and Bronchitis.

Three Visions.

BY J. CASSELL.

EARLY in the winter of 188—I was lodging in a large, old-fashioned house in London. Insomnia, brought on by business troubles, had reduced me to a state of nervous collapse, and I was on the verge of a serious illness.

Rising one night after vainly courting sleep for two hours, I determined to take a warm bath. The hour was two o'clock. Having thrown on a dressing gown, I entered the bath-room, and turned on the hot water.

While the bath filled I gazed out at the rear of a house, about one hundred yards distant, in C—Street. Suddenly, on the illuminated curtain of a room two or three floors above the street I saw figures of a man and woman in Shouette.

Stirred by curiosity, I watched the curtain with its telltale pictures, wondering what movements they would execute.

As I gazed, surprise and horror seized me, for I saw the man raise a shadowy arm and pierce the woman's bosom with a dagger.

She threw her arms wildly in the air, opened her mouth as if to emit a scream, and fell to the floor, whence, of course, her figure cast no shadow on the curtain.

All this had occupied perhaps less than two seconds, but in that time I endured a mental torture such as I had never felt before.

As the dagger descended I involuntarily threw out my arms, as if to shield the victim, and uttered an exclamation of mingled rage and horror. The absolute silence of the pantomimic murder made it more shocking, and for an instant I felt as if the darkness and loneliness of the night had shut me in with the murderer, and made me a participator in his guilt.

I turned shuddering from the window just as the shadowy criminal stooped towards the spot where his victim lay; and before I could cry out, I reeled and fell heavily to the floor.

My fall roused the whole house, and Philip Holt, whose rooms were on the same floor with mine, carried me to bed. The vision of that night hastened my long-threatened illness, and ten days passed before my faculties returned sufficiently for me to relate what I had seen. The doctor smiled at my story and said—

"It was a pure hallucination, my dear fellow. Such things are common to persons in your condition."

"But," said I, "the thing happened when I was broad awake, and in every detail it was as distinct as any genuine occurrence I ever beheld."

"Not at all remarkable," was his reply. "You ought to be satisfied with the knowledge that there has not been a word of such a crime in any newspaper. An affair of the kind could not have been concealed for ten days. Don't think of it any more."

Two weeks later I was in my usual health, save that my old trouble of insomnia hovered threateningly near, and recurred with any imprudence in eating, worry, or excitement.

Not entirely satisfied with the doctor's theory of my vision, I went to the lodging house in C— Street and inquired for rooms. A snuffy old hag, with peering, suspicious eyes, and an air of undetected criminality, showed me through the house, and offered to let a furnished suite, consisting of bedroom, sitting-room, and bathroom. As near as I could guess the sitting-room was the one where the crime of my vision had been committed.

"Who occupied these rooms last?" I inquired.

"Mr. Carr and his wife," answered the hag, with evident unwillingness.

"Do you know Mr. Carr's business?"

"The tenant's business hain't none o' mine," she replied, sharply.

"When did the Carrs move out?"

"About three weeks ago."

"Did you see Mrs. Carr on the day they left the house?"

"Now what do you ask me that for? I don't watch people's doin's in this house. The tenants is respectable families, and they don't like no meddlin'. If you want these rooms you can have 'em, but you won't stay long if you ask too many questions about your neighbors. We don't want no troublesome or worrying people here."

It was evidently useless to ask further questions, so I tramped downwards through the ill-smelling, narrow halls, my suspicions far from lulled. A bold-faced woman widened her eyes at me on one stairway, and through an open door below I caught a glimpse of a tumbled bed and a soiled blue slipper, with a half-smoked cigarette beside it on the floor.

When I again spoke to Holt on the subject, and told him that my suspicions still existed, he frowned and said—

"If you permit yourself to go on in this way you'll be in bed again. There is no reasonable doubt of your hallucination. The books are full of such cases. Furthermore, the woman could not have been actually murdered, or the crime would have come to light before this, and if she was only wounded, it is not your business to ferret the matter out. If you're not careful you'll get into the newspapers and be made ridiculous."

This last argument was enough. I gradually came to accept the theory of my friends. I passed through the winter without further illness, but gained strength slowly, and when spring appeared my sleeplessness returned.

With it came an irresistible attraction towards the bathroom window, whence my vision of a few months before had been seen.

Whenever I lay awake, I went sometime during the night and stared out towards that uncanny lodging house. Night after night I saw nothing and turned away relieved at the assurance that one symptom of my former illness was wanting.

Finally, at one o'clock on a cool April morning, after three hours of vain tossing in bed, I entered the bathroom, with my eyes directed towards the house.

For an instant I could not credit the vision that met my gaze. On the luminous curtain where I had seen the shadow pantomime before the same tragedy was being enacted.

This time I had arrived a little later in the progress of the scene, for all I saw was the falling woman and the withdrawn dagger in the hand of her companion.

The man stooped, as before, towards his victim, and I waited to see him rise, in hopes of obtaining some assurance that what I had seen was real. I saw nothing further.

If the shadowy slayer had stooped to a real victim, he must have risen in such a spot that his figure was not brought again before the light and the curtain.

Filled with forebodings of a new illness I awoke Holt and told my vision. We went to the window, looked towards the lodging house, and saw only the faint gleam of unlighted panes. Holt gave me an opiate, and next morning the doctor had me removed to the country.

I remained out of town all summer, bathing, fishing, and boating. For three months I went to bed tired every night and slept ten hours. Then I took a long sea voyage, and arrived back in about the middle of September more robust than I had ever been before.

Holt had laughed at the old hallucinations, and the doctor railed me considerably upon my detective spirit of the winter before. On the first night in my lodgings I forgot the fateful window and slept without disturbance.

The next night, however, I came in late, and yielded to a sudden whim that led me to the bathroom window.

As I entered the bathroom I looked over towards the lodging house, and gave a little start at seeing a light in the very apartment that had so long possessed for me a fascinating interest.

The night was warm and the window whence the light shone was hoisted. The curtains were drawn also, and I could see pretty clearly a man and a woman sitting opposite each other near the centre of the room.

I shivered a little on discovering that the couple were very like those of the pantomimes. The man was smooth shaven and well featured. The woman seemed older than he, and her face fitted well nigh the names of evil suggestion that I had seen in the vestibule eight months before.

As I gazed I saw the woman suddenly start towards her companion with some gleaming instrument in her upraised hand. I felt my heart quicken and my breath come thick. The man rose to receive the attack, and I saw a shining dagger plunged into her bosom. Trembling with horror, I was about to cry out, when a hearty, natural laugh burst upon my ear from the hall.

On looking round I saw my friend Holt in the doorway.

"Merciful powers, man, did you see that?" I gasped.

"Certainly," he said with another laugh.

"Then how can you stand there laughing? If we both saw it there can be no doubt of its reality."

"It was real and unreal, old man. Your sight is vindicated and the doctor and I are put to shame, but there is no cause for horror. See, the light has been turned out and there is nothing more to be learned. Take something to steady your nerves and I'll explain the mystery."

Wondering at his language, but considerably reassured, I followed him to his room, and sat down.

"Now," said Holt, "the thing you saw tonight" (I shuddered again as he spoke) "and on two other occasions is easily explained. James Carr and his wife, who have lived in this apartment off and on for eight months, are known to many theatre goers here and elsewhere as Arthur Leroy and Mdlle. Bicard. What you saw tonight was the rehearsal of an incident in a play which is to be produced at the X— theatre early next week. You'll find the very scene on a dozen hoardings in the streets. It's a quarrel. The woman attacks the man with a pair of scissors, and he responds with a dagger. The play was produced in the provinces last winter, and at one or two popular watering places in the summer. You've seen three rehearsals."

"Holt, I don't believe you," I cried, as it flashed upon me that my old illness was returning, and that Holt had taken this method of diverting my mind from the threatened calamity.

"True as I am here," said Holt, briefly.

"I will not believe it unless you describe the scene exactly as it appeared to me."

Holt promptly went over the whole occurrence, and his description differed in no important feature from my own vision.

I was convinced. We talked half an hour longer, and five minutes after going to bed I was sound asleep.

On the next day I went round to my doctor, laughed at his learning, and accepted his apologies for the discredit he had cast upon my visual sanity.

* * * * * *

That evening at dinner while reading an afternoon paper I came upon a conspicuous heading in these words, "Slain at Rehearsal." I started, read on, and discovered that James Carr, alias Arthur Leroy, had killed his wife the night before in their rooms in C— Street. Then I knew that Holt and I had actually seen the crime committed.

According to the newspaper's account, Carr on being arrested had confessed the homicide and pleaded self defence. He had been married five years, but he and his wife had always lived a cat-and-dog life.

After their rehearsal of the night before, she had called up an old grievance, and finally in a fit of anger attacked him with a pair of scissors, the very weapon she was to have used in the mimic scene on the approaching "first night." He had defended himself with the dagger just employed at rehearsal, and was horrified to find that he had slain her.

Nobody quite believed Carr's story at first, but the testimony of Holt and myself saved his neck.

A MILLION STAMPS.—That "million postage stamp" delusion has again broken out. Every few days some one hears that some poor old woman will be sent to a home if the charitably inclined will only collect a million stamps. The purchaser of the million and the poor old woman are alike mythical.

It is safe to conclude that the million stamps is also mythical, for if anyone was so industrious as to collect one hundred stamps a day he would have only 36,500 at the end of the year, and at this rate it would take him very nearly 30 years to gather a million.

If he were so zealous as to collect 1000 a day—100 per hour for 10 hours per day—he would only have to work about three years. Moreover, if the purchaser undertook to count them, and counted them at the rate of a hundred a minute for 10 hours a day, it would take him nearly seventeen days to complete the task.

These figures may convey some idea of how large a number a million is—an idea which the victims of the delusion fail utterly to grasp.

WHAT SHE MUST EXPECT.—Tramp: "Your barn was burned about two months ago ma'am?"

Farmer's Wife: "Yes."

"Well, a mate of mine set it on fire so as you might get the insurance money, and he asked me to call and see if you'd got it yet, and if you'd give him a few pennys of it."

"You'll not get a cent of the insurance here."

"Very well, ma'am; but you mustn't feel hurt if my friend never sets any more of your buildings on fire."

The biggest thing out is Salvation Oil. It kills all pain and costs but 25 cents a bottle.

A bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will often save large doctor bills. Price 25 cents.

Humorous.

AN AWFUL WARNING.

A gentle young maid had a beau,
Who often to see her did go,
But she once made a cake,
Of the cooking-school bake,
And he said it was nothing but dough.

So this girl had a fit of the pique,
And swore that she never would spique
To that "horrid thing."
So she gave back the ring,
And threw herself into the crique.

—U. N. NONY.

Frosts are generally dew before they come.

Strange to say, the color that runs is not a fast color.

You just bring a couple of little quarrels into your family and they'll breed like sparrows.

Mr. Brown: "Congratulations, old fellow! Boy or girl?" Mr. Gray, sorrowfully: "Both. Two of 'em."

"If I were my own enemy," said a Brooklyn politician, "I could tell you some awfully tough stories about myself."

"Why, Alice, you have put your shoes on the wrong feet." "What'll I do, mamma? They're all the feet I've got."

"I'd rather be a wild turkey and live on the prairie," said a small boy, "than be a tame turkey and be killed every year."

A woman who favors equal suffrage wants to know if it is a crime to be a woman. No, but it is not manly. We will say no more.

Mrs. Tathill: "I saw your wife out riding with another man this afternoon." Mr. Tubbs, excitedly: "You did! Did they have my horse?"

Salesman: "Can it be possible! Miss Coupon, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Bar Harbor last summer? How long—" Miss Coupon: "Three yards, please."

A serious affliction. "Well, I see old Mithomer has died at last." "Yes; it was a sad loss to me." "I didn't know you were a friend of his." "No; I was his physician."

Insurance agent: "Now that you are married, I suppose you will take out a policy?" Young Bigge: "Oh, no, I guess not; I don't think she is going to be dangerous."

"John, see your little sister is crying because you did not share your peach with her." "That isn't so, mamma. I gave her the stone, and if she plants it she can have a whole tree."

"I repeat it," continued Mr. Gubbins, "Mr. Chairman, sir, I repeat it! What the country wants is fewer men! (renewed applause) and, I will add, more of them!" (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

Lady of the house: "Why you are the same man to whom I gave a loaf of my home-made bread the other day." Tramp: "Yes, mum; and I merely came around to show you that I was still alive."

Major Henderson: "That's bad news I just heard about Colonel Carter." Captain Dawson: "What's up now?" "I understand the Colonel stopped drinking." "You don't say so! When is the funeral?"

Many a woman dusts billiard chalk off her husband's coat with great big drops of tears in her beautiful eyes, as she reflects how hard and how late he has to work at his desk close to that nasty whitewashed wall.

Visitor: "I hope, my friend, that you now see the great error you have made." Murderer: "Yes, I see it clearer every day. If I'd only 'r killed de hired girl too, there wouldn't have been no one left to peach on me."

An insurmountable objection. First female burglar: "Get your gun. We are going to crack old man Goldollar's house to-night." Second female burglar: "I wouldn't go into that house after dark for the world. It is full of mice."

Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson tells of an Irish evangelist who had a way of always addressing his hearers as "dear souls," prefixing to the phrase the name of the town in which they lived. But he came to grief when, in addressing an audience in the city of Cork, he began by calling them "dear Cork souls."

Over 100 guests in a Kalamazoo, Mich., hotel tried in vain to guess why a drummer had two little plaster of paris skeletons fastened in the crown of his tile. After all gave up he explained, saying: "It is simply a case of business. I used to have so many hats stolen it kept me poor buying new ones, but I find no one will steal a hat with skeletons in it; hence the skeletons."

Mrs. Stubbs: "I wish that you and Mr. Flat would come over this evening, quite informally, you know. We are going to have a little card party." Mrs. Flat: "Let me see; isn't it just about a year since the death of Mr. Stubbs?" "Just a year to-night. We are going to commemorate with a social game of whist. You know poor dear Henry was so fond of cards."

Scene—Registry office for births, marriages and deaths; persons waiting; enter registrar. First applicant, young woman wishing to register birth; many questions asked and answered. Registrar, still thinking of births, to applicant for marriage license: "Boy or girl?" Applicant for marriage license: "Why, girl, of course." Registrar: "Oh, there is no 'of course' about it; it is a mere matter of chance." Explanations and curtain.

The following seems to be the latest "thing one would rather have left unsaid:" A pianist recently spent the evening at the house of a lady. The company was agreeable and he stayed somewhat late. As he rose to take his departure the lady said: "I'pray don't go yet, Mr. Jones; I want you to play something for me." "Oh, you must excuse me to-night; it is very late and I should disturb the neighbors." "Never mind the neighbors," answered the young lady, quickly; "they poisoned our dog yesterday."

One person in each locality can earn a good sized bag of gold at work for us during the next few months. Some earn $20 a day and upwards, and all get good wages. No one can fail who follows our directions. All is new, plain and easy. Experience not necessary. Capital not required, we start you. Either sex, young or old. You can live at home, giving work all your time or spare time only. One person has earned $50.00 during past few months; you can do as well. No room to explain here. Full particulars and information mailed FREE to those who write at once. Better write today if you want work at which you will be sure of earning a large sum of money every month. STINSON & CO., Box 500, PORTLAND, MAINE.

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Will do it. Our Beard Elixir will force a Mustache in 20 days, full Beard in 30. Sample package, postpaid, 15c.; 3 for 25c.; one dozen, 75 cents. Agents wanted. Howard Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I.

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Alphabet of neat plain type. Type holder, bottle of INDELIBLE ink (warranted not to wash out), ink pad, tweezers and directions to work same. Will set up any name quickly, can be changed 1,000 times. For printing cards, marking linen, books, etc. Makes money by doing printing and selling this outfit. Full catalogue and agent terms with outfit. Postpaid 25c. 5 for $1. Ingersoll Bros. 44 Fulton St. N.Y. City

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A NEW TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been discovered which permanently cures the most aggravated cases of these distressing diseases by a few simple applications made (*two weeks apart*) by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent *free* by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.

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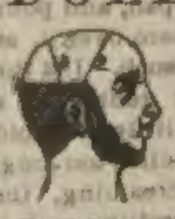

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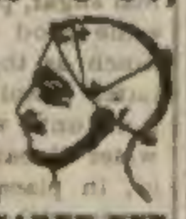

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

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Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 20, '85. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
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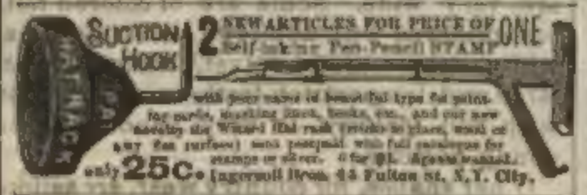

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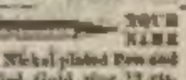

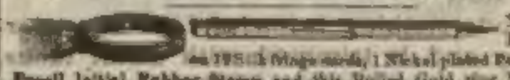

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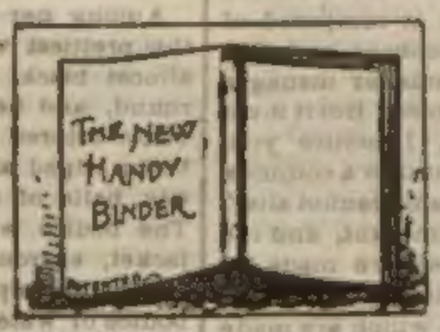

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INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Jewish sleeves, even slightly exaggerated in length and width, will certainly be worn with pelisses and cloaks this winter. This I have ascertained from our very best wholesale manufacturers.

The cloak or pelisse will also suffer other modifications during the course of the winter, but it will begin large and wide, and with long hanging Jewish sleeves. There is also a reason in these sleeves: they leave room for the full sleeves of the dresses beneath.

Draped skirts, excepting for very thin materials, are very rarely seen now. Nothing but straight skirts are worn, sometimes draped in themselves, but remaining straight the same. There is perhaps a little monotony in these straight skirts, but, on the other hand, our bodices and sleeves are so varied that they thoroughly compensate for the sameness in the make of skirt. Sleeves and bodices, indeed, are so varied, that it is impossible to describe them all in one letter.

Nearly every bodice is open over a chemisette, which in olden times was called "modesty." All these chemisette bodices are made in one piece; the chemisette being fulled on to an under plain lining. The chemisette is always of a different material and color from the bodice. Light materials, such as lace, crape, satin, surah, embroidered materials, &c. They are made full, puffed, or gathered into the neck and at the waist.

In materials, the so-called Eiffel material is the most in favor. It is composed of checks encircled by other checks, and with these checks a clever dressmaker manages to make a very pretty costume. But it must be a clever dressmaker, I assure you, otherwise the costume assumes a common look, which all its Eiffel name cannot alter.

In colors, gray is predominant, and the most fashionable costumes are made by tailors and of men's materials, of those fine soft, elastic woollen stuffs which are made specially for gentlemen. Indian cashmeres also make very pretty out-of-door costumes.

The material called Sangtier has also much improved in texture. It has lost all its primitive roughness, and has become as soft and supple as the softest and most supple Indian cashmere. Sangtier cloth is made of dark colors, spotted with light dots or buttons. Others are spotted over with little black fluffy leaflets. But these are intended chiefly for dressing robes and traveling cloaks.

Another variety of this material is shot in two shades of the same color, and this also is reserved for long cloaks. Another material for cloaks is somewhat like matalasse, but is only made in black. Rich fringes and passementeries will trim cloaks until furs begin.

For greater elegance we have plain woollen materials of the softest texture, bordered with brocaded bands, woven in the material itself, and generally black, even on black materials. Rich woollen brocades are also very much in vogue, and are placed amongst the most elegant materials that this autumn has yet produced. Sometimes these bands are of Scotch plaid. Others, again, are of chiselled velvet of the greatest and most magnificent effect, and always of the same color as the material itself. Black chiselled velvet on black poplin is lovely. Also in bronze it is very handsome. No other trimmings are required with these dresses.

Passementeries are as fine and delicate now as the finest embroidery, and often take its place; they have the advantage, also, of being able to be placed on different dresses, sometimes all round the skirts, and sometimes up the sides, like panels.

Chenille will be very much worn this winter, and will often substitute fur.

Lovely fringes are being made for evening dresses. They are very light, and are mixed with beads.

In furs, astrakan promises to be first favorite, especially for capes and tippets, which are made with a high, open collar.

I have just seen a new pelisse for the demi-season, made *a la Watteau* at the back and full in front. The material was Indian cassmere, lined with satin of the same color, but a lighter shade.

The capote, or toque—the two are exactly of the same shape—is worn for weddings, visits, and the theatre; they are made very small and flat, and are generally of light, transparent materials.

Here are three models, ordered by a Russian Princess. The first is of Lyons passementerie, made of black braid, imitating guipure, and with a high comb of cut jet, placed right in the centre of the crown: another is of gray velvet, trimmed with steel passementerie, and a steel comb on the crown; the third is of black lace, edged round with a wide black silk ribbon, with a wreath of flowers in the centre. Here, also, we have a comb in the centre of the crown; but this time of gold balls.

Large hats are preferable for ordinary wear, they shelter the face better than the capote-toque. The brims of these large hats are very wide. Some are of colored felt, embroidered with applique velvet designs, whilst others are of velvet, trimmed with large and long ostrich feathers. Red velvet with red feathers is very handsome for young persons.

Other shapes, for country wear, are sailor, Tyrol, Tam-o'-Shanter, made of cloth or felt, with a band of ribbon round the crown, and a goose quill or pheasant's feather on one side.

Underclothing is made of the finest percale, and is trimmed with small tucks, separated by insertions of embroidery or rich lace, lined with colored ribbon. Home-made lace is particularly in favor for underclothing.

House and table linens are also trimmed with rich lace, from five to six inches in width. Besides being edged with lace, house and table linen are also richly embroidered in colors. Irish lace is particularly adapted for trimming house and table linen.

Whilst looking over a young bride's trousseau a few days ago, I noticed a lovely tea dress of mauve crape de Chine, edged all round with a Greek embroidery in gold, and opened over an under blouse of white crape, embroidered with gold, and a gold embroidered belt round the waist.

Among her walking costumes, one of the prettiest was of dark violet cheviot, almost black. The skirt was plaited all round, and between the plaits a ribbon of violet-colored watered-silk, each ribbon being edged at the bottom with a fringe of silk balls of the same color as the dress. The bodice was in the form of a Spanish jacket, surrounded all round with a ball fringe, and opened in front over an under bodice of watered silk. A belt round the waist, with jewelled buckle in front.

For an elegant visiting dress I can recommend a poplin dress shot yellow and red, striped with bronze satin. This dress was made all in one piece, with the bodice opened in V back and front, the V being filled in with embroidered bronze satin. On each side of the skirt also there was a panel of the same embroidered bronze satin. A bronze satin sash round the waist.

Another very elegant dress is of dark green velvet, the skirt being alternated with a width of green velvet and a width of bronze colored twilled silk, forming natural waves up to the waist. The bodice was plain and high to the throat, and over this a puffed low bodice of the bronze twill silk, forming one piece with the front width of the skirt. Full sleeves of the twill silk and open sleeves of the green velvet around the neck; a frill of rich ecru lace.

With this costume a large hat of dark green velvet, lined with ecru lace, and trimmed with a long green ostrich feather. Tan Swedish kid gloves and high shoes to match.

The jewelry now in fashion is the Hungarian jewelry, composed of pearls, turquoises, and garnets, all mixed together. Brooches, earrings, clasps for belts, sleeve buttons, and bracelets are all made of these jewels. I have seen a brooch representing a branch of laurel, with berries of pearls and emeralds on the branch, forming a most exquisite work of art, though only in miniature.

Odds and Ends.

HOME-MADE SWEETMEATS.

I think so most young folks the sweet-stuff made by themselves at home tastes indescribably better than that which comes from what Scotch children call a "sweetie" shop. It has, at any rate, the merit of being more wholesome. With this idea I have written out some successful recipes, which have been duly tried and approved of by an appreciative circle of girl friends, and I think, if you carefully follow them, you also will be pleased with the results.

My first shall be for that time-honored favorite, *Toffee*. Take one pound of brown sugar, two ounces of butter, and half a teacupful of cream or milk. Put these materials into a nice clean pan, and boil, without stirring, for twenty minutes. At the end of that time find out if it is sufficiently boiled, by dropping a little into cold water, when, if it "sets," the mixture should be poured into a buttered dish or tin. The addition of five or six drops of essence of vanilla, just before it is poured out, is a great improvement.

Toffee Balls are made by taking a little of the toffee off the buttered dish before it gets too cold, and rolling small pieces tightly into balls in your fingers. When you have thus shaped the balls, roll them about on a cold plate until they are perfectly hard and cold.

If you want to have *Almond Toffee*, blanch four ounces of almonds, split them into strips, and throw them into the toffee just before it is dished, omitting the vanilla flavoring. To blanch the almonds, throw them into a basin of slightly salted boiling water, and leave them to soak for two or three minutes. Then pour off the water, and you will find the skins slip off between your fingers. Drop each almond into clear cold water, then strain and lay them in a shallow dish to dry slowly in front of the fire before using.

Everton Toffee.—For this, half a pound of golden syrup, half a pound of sugar, lemon juice to taste, and from five to six ounces of butter are required. Mix carefully the sugar and syrup, and then add the butter in little bits, stirring slowly till it is all thoroughly mixed. Then cease stirring, or the toffee will "sugar," let it boil gently till a tiny bit thrown into cold water sets. If everything is satisfactory it will be beautifully crisp, and the whole should then be poured into a tin previously well rubbed with sweet oil or butter. When it is cold, mark it into squares.

Butter Scotch.—Put into a very clean pan one pound and a half of soft sugar, two ounces of butter, half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half a teacupful of cold water. Let the whole boil for about ten minutes without stirring, then dip a spoon in cold water, pop it into the pan, and back again with its contents into cold water, when if the mixture hardens it will do. You may add, if you like, a little powdered ginger or vanilla essence just before pouring it out. Mark it into neat squares when it cools a little.

Marzipan.—Procure half a pound of almonds, two ounces of bitter almonds, and half a pound of sugar. Blanch the almonds and pound them into a mortar; clarify and cook the sugar slightly, then remove it from the fire and stir into it the almonds. Warm all together, stirring well, and taking the greatest care that it doesn't burn. When it is cooked enough (that is, when it won't adhere to the fingers), pour it out on a board sprinkled with sugar. As soon as it is cool cut it into tiny fancy shapes, stars, rings, and fingers; and, if you are anxious to make it a very "swell" goody, decorate it with preserved cherries or other dried fruits.

Chocolate Creams.—Take one pound of loaf sugar, put it into a saucepan, and pour some good milk or thin cream over it, as much as the sugar will absorb. Let the latter dissolve, then boil it gently for a time, until when you drop a little into cold water it candies. Do not boil it too long, or, in place of smoothly creaming, the sugar will go into minute sandlike grains. Be most careful, too, that it doesn't stick to the pan, but do not stir it till it is taken off, when it must be continually stirred until it creams. Then beat until cool, when it has to be rolled into little balls, which form the inner cream of the sweetmeat. Now put half a pound of vanilla chocolate into a jar, and place over a saucepan of boiling water to dissolve; when melted, dip the creams into it, and place them on a buttered paper to get cool.

Fig Rock.—For this take one cupful of sugar, three-quarters of a cupful of water, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Boil till the mixture becomes of amber color, but do not stir during the process; add the cream of tartar just before taking from the fire. Wash the figs, split them in half, and lay them flatly on a dish, pour the mixture over them, and let it stand till cold.

Apple Custard.—Lay some stewed apples in a deep pie-dish; if not already sweetened, strew some sugar over them. Make a custard with four eggs, one pint of milk, and flavoring to taste, and, of course, a little sugar; pour it over the apples, strew some powdered cinnamon or nutmeg on the top, and bake it. An excellent dish for children.

THERE ought to be societies formed for the encouragement of the laugh. A real laugh is not common. If he laughed hearty and oftener, a man would be better morally and physically. There is nothing like habitual laughter for promoting good appetites and good digestion. The man who laughs honestly has no heart for avarice, cruelty and dissimulation. A man may smirk and guffaw and be a villain still, but one who laughs habitually with his whole being can be nothing of the sort. Therefore, brethren and sisters, speed the cause of laughter if you can.

Confidential Correspondents.

SONUS.—For violin music, con sordini means "with mutes." The mute, or sordino, is an instrument placed on the bridge of the violin, to muffle or soften its tone.

M. J. D.—A canary cannot be healthy unless it breathes good air. If it is confined in a badly ventilated room its feathers will fall off; so they will if the bird is exposed to a current of air.

F. G.—The troughs for supplying water for the engines of the express trains are placed between the rails. When water is required in the tender, the engineer lowers a scoop having a hollow pipe handle. The velocity of the train causes the water to rise up the pipe, and it then falls into the tender.

HOUSEKEEPER.—To remove grease on a papered wall is very difficult, because the solvents of grease affect the colors of the paper. Rubbing with crumb of bread will be of service. To whiten the boards of a floor, put a piece of quicklime, the size of a walnut, into the water used for scrubbing. Do not use soda.

E. A. R.—There are in medicine powerful drugs—generally violent poisons—that will affect the skin by burning, peeling or blistering off. Their use is extremely dangerous however, and they should not be applied unless by physicians or surgeons. These drugs from their habits of burning or scarring are called "Escharotics."

A. E. C.—Fore-ordainment means a fore-ordering of things, and may be true in the particular or the general. Thus the age, population, progress, and result of the world may have been fore-ordained, and no doubt were so. But the particular actions of such or such a man were his own choice. Thus the Saviour says, this must come (his betrayal), but woe unto him by whom it does come; which certainly suggest the free will of any man.

WAITING.—"His own mother and sister" are dependent upon his exertions, and are quite aware that, if he marries, his wife will hardly care to house them with her. Hence they try to crush his affection for her, and her affection for him. To him they give her a bad character; to her they do the same with him. But he is their own flesh and blood; and they want to keep him to themselves; and they are little, and mean, and human, like the rest of us, and perhaps more ignorant. It is as plain as a pikestaff.

MARIE.—The Kinder-Garten, or Children's-garden system, consists in teaching little ones by easy object lessons. That is, you show a boy of four or five years old a plum, and make him comprehend that plum, a word, signifies that fruit, and so on. You instil learning and observation, comparison and knowledge, at the same time; in fact, it is knowledge and learning, two very different things, combined and taken into the child's respective faculty together.

S. R. A. P.—We agree with you. If the young man to whom your sister is engaged is an honorable man, he will be sure to come back for, and marry her; he will return to her as his sweetheart with as much honor as if she had been his wife. Why then, should she wish to marry him before he is ready? As you say, such conduct savors a little of impropriety. Twelve or eighteen months is not an extraordinary period of probation. We certainly think it your duty to state your opinions on the subject plainly and candidly to your sister.

COVENTRY.—The Countess of Mercia, the lady Godiva, having great affection for the people of Coventry, begged her husband to release them from the grievous servitude to which they were subjected. He consented to do so on condition that she would ride naked through the town. She determined to do so, and issued a command for all the people to keep within doors on a certain day, on pain of death. When the day came, she let down her hair (which covered her entire body, and only left her legs exposed), and fulfilled her promise. One base fellow, notwithstanding the penalty, could not refrain from peeping. Of course he lost his life, and from this cause originated the familiar epithet of "Peeping Tom of Coventry."

ETHEL.—The Sphinx was, it is said, a female pirate who ravaged Egypt, but, in all probability, as she is found upon Greek coins and in hundreds of statutes in Egypt, the figure is an instance of that terrible symbolism which always blots out religion. M. Maillet is of opinion that the head of a virgin and the body of a lion is the symbol of what happens in Egypt when the sun is in the signs of Virgo and Leo, and the Nile overflows,—i. e., of the fertility and reproductive powers of Nature. But, according to Herodotus, the Egyptians had their Androsphynges; that is, images, with the head of a man and the body of an animal. The Great Sphinx—there are hundreds of sphinxes, similar to the earlier sphinxes in India, in Egypt (being the approaches to temples—is 300 paces east of the second pyramid; it is cut in the solid rock. There, was nothing but the head, neck, and top of the back visible; but at the expense of some $400, it was cleared and found to be 125 feet in length. The face is terribly damaged by the lances of the Arabs, who are taught by their religion to hold any kind of idolatry in detestation.

JULIA.—The Grecian bend was one of the consequent follies of fashion. It was fashionable in the time of Napoleon I., when he introduced the Imperial idea, Cæsarism, and all the long train of necessary imitation of Cæsarian ways and courts. The chairs and furniture, the couches and beds, were made after the Roman, the Etruscan, or the Grecian model; and the Emperor, who was taught to strut by Talma the actor, put on his royal robes after the manner of the loose garments of the imperial gentlemen whom he was fond of imitating. Then the Empress dressed *a l'antique*; the hair was bound in a fillet, brought forward over the temples, or left to wander free like that of a nymph. Chaste matrons dressed *a la Diane* or Lucrece, while more worldly dames habited themselves *a la Venus*; hence the Grecian stoop or bend. The sweet enslaver of gods and men, gentle Venus, as Lucretius calls her, is, in the statute by Praxiteles, which we call the Medicean Venus, represented as bending gracefully forward, concealing her full height, and leaning towards the spectator in an easy and gracious condescension. The shoulders are a little rounded, the head is brought forward, the body slightly bent. The whole position indicates not haughty pride, but grace, ease, and affability. The low chair, like a portion of a shell, which Bonaparte then introduced, necessitates the bending of the figure. You can see the Grecian bend well illustrated in many of the caricatures of fops and dandizettes of sixty or eighty years ago.